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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 40 No. 4 APRIL, 1950

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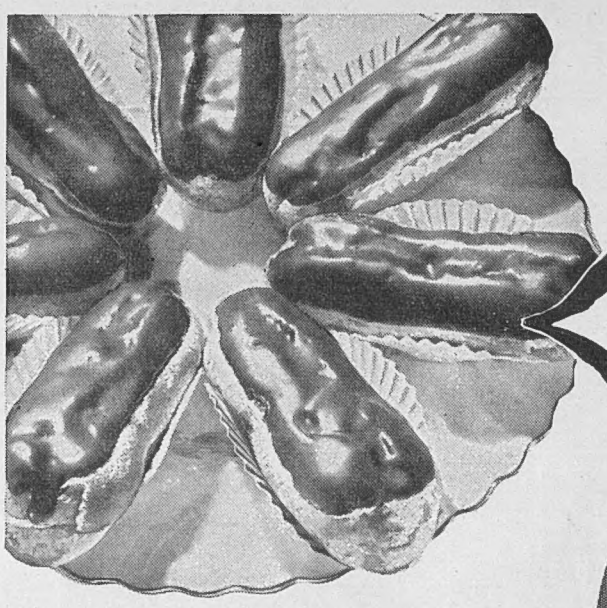

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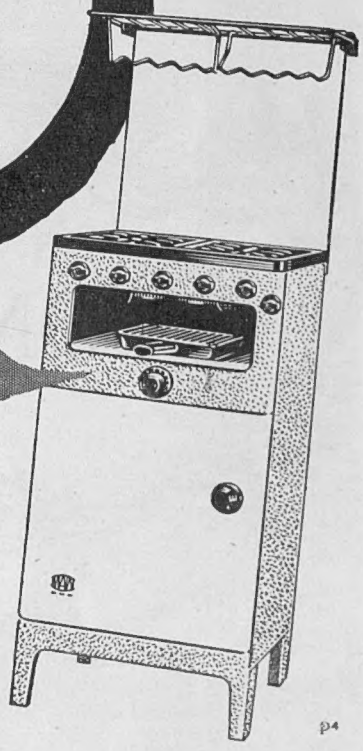

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WHO'S WHO
No. 1

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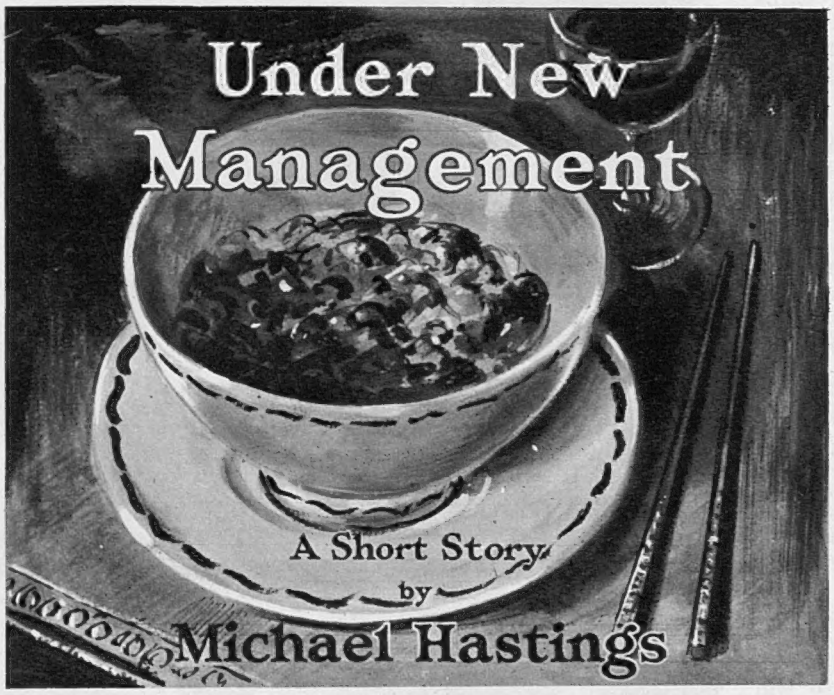
Allan Sheppard came, rather dreamily, across the hotel lounge. He was twisting a soiled and battered panama in his thin fingers. "Bullet-hole in it," he said.



"I'D never thought there'd be a funny side to panic," said Conrad Wayne. He noticed Delia Craig's frowning disapproval and added quickly: "Oh, there was the same tragedy that we saw last week at the railway station. The dumb, hopeless misery of the waiting crowds. Just standing, waiting. And when the last 'plane has gone and the skies are empty, they'll pick up their bundles of luggage and shuffle away with the same timeless resignation." His voice became lively again: "But you should have seen Ku Fei . . ."

"The moneylender?" John Elliot asked. For a moment he forgot his own worries. "I hope he wasn't able to bribe a passage."

Wayne grinned. "Bribery's ended. It's the takers of bribes who are clearing out. By night there won't be an official left in the town. But Ku Fei . . . he had a great lacquered cabinet with him; two men carrying it slung on poles. No doubt it belonged to some venerable ancestor and, of course, it would be chock-a-block with valuables. Well, the airport guards were fully occupied with keeping the crowd in order. Ku Fei gets his cabinet through and his two men are busy strapping it to a wing of a Dakota before anybody rumbles what's going on! I had a good laugh out of it, though nobody else seemed to find it funny; least of all Ku Fei. The guards handled that cabinet as if it were an orange-box."

"If only I could have seen it!" gasped Elliot. Then responsibility clamped down and his face became leaner than ever. "No chance for us, I suppose?" He put the question in a casual tone which revealed that he knew the answer already.

Wayne dropped into a wicker chair which squeaked under the impact. "Afraid not, old lad," he said. "If we get out of this it will be by our own endeavours. Nobody's disposed to help us, and with the Consul in hospital . . ." He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Now is the time for us to show initiative. How does one? I've been out East too long. Puggled, I suppose. The sun and the climate and the general atmosphere saps . . ."

"I shall stay," said Delia Craig. The way she said it made it sound trivial, like announcing she was going to cut down on sugar and would only have one lump in her tea.

Wayne looked at her speculatively. "Missionaries aren't very popular with the new regime," he warned. "The very least that will happen is that you'll find your style cramped."

"First there were bandits, then there were Japs," she said slowly. "Now it's to be Communists." She gave a faded smile. "Things don't change very much. No, I'm not being a brave woman. I'm just old."

Elliot said nothing; he was thinking of his wife, who was young. Wayne coughed, then began to search his pockets for his pipe.

He said, quietly: "I expect you'll have company. If we can, we must get Elliot and his wife away. But I can't see myself enduring the strain and hardships of escape. Apart from that, I've business instincts." He chuckled. "Have you realised we're practically alone in the hotel? The manager has departed . . ."

"What? Mr. Poon?" Delia Craig looked astonished.

"Went by air," Wayne told her. "All very simple. His cousin was a Customs official at the airport. I'm toying with the idea of assuming control of the hotel. Then I may be able to claim compensation from the Communists when they turn it into an official residence."

Delia Craig laughed. "Your absurd ideas! If you'll take my advice—and I'm a good ten years older—you'll clear off. I assure you there's no need to worry about me."

"Perhaps not," Wayne admitted. He meant it, which made the remark a tribute. "But there's Shep. What's become of Shep, anyway?"

"Went out somewhere," said Elliot. "Didn't say where he was going."

Wayne groaned. "Suppose I'll have to go in search. Bother him! He's an amazing chap, you know. He can take you across fifty miles of desert and locate the site of a village abandoned two thousand years ago; but he can't be trusted to make his way safely across the road when he's in a town." He uncrossed his legs. "See you later, folks. I'm off to do some detective work—no, I'm not! He's just come in. Hey, Shep! Where have you been?"

Allan Sheppard came, rather dreamily, across the hotel lounge. He was twisting a soiled and battered panama in his thin fingers.

"Bullet-hole in it," he said. He blinked through his spectacles at Wayne. "Can't think that anyone would want to shoot *me*. I'm not mixed up in all this business that's going on."

Wayne swallowed hard. "I told you not to go wandering off on your own . . ."

"Quite," said Sheppard gently. "I didn't go far . . . just a little exercise." Suddenly he smiled. "Of course! I've only just realised. There was a policeman a few yards from me. That would be it, wouldn't it? They often shoot police. I thought it odd that somebody should take a pot at me. Sheer bad aiming. Chap will probably be along to apologise. Just an accident. No need for you to get worried, you see."

"I can see that you should be locked up," Wayne growled. "Don't you understand that we'll be having Communist troops entering the town in a few hours?"

Sheppard frowned. "I know," he said. "It's rather worrying me. All my plans made for going to Honan to look for a new site . . . and now this has to happen. I suppose it will mean more permits, more bribes, more delays . . ."

"Well, the things you're after have been there since the Stone-Bronze Age," said Wayne comfortingly. "I don't suppose another year or so will make much difference."

"It does to me," said Sheppard. "There's no such thing as completion in my work; but I need additional material for my book on the Yang Shao Culture."

"You also need a new hat," Wayne grinned.

WAYNE stood discreetly at the side of the window, careful that his ample body should not provide temptation to a marksman.

"Pity I'm not on the air," he said. "I've a feeling I should be a success. Eye-witness report of the Communists marching in! Bit dull at the moment. Street deserted apart from a stray dog taking advantage of the unexpected *lebensraum* by sitting down and scratching his fleas. Hello, a red flag's gone up! A galaxy of gold stars on it. Over the Post Office, I think. And a little brother to the red flag has just been thrust through the slats of a window along the street. Fifth-column stuff.

"Now I can see the first of the invaders. The Liberation Army has come to town. Guerillas, in civilian clothes but with brassards. They'd look like railway porters but for the armaments. The

beggars give me the impression they 'll shoot first and leave inquiries to somebody else. Something in their manner reminds me of Hollywood's idea of the Chicago police closing in on a gangsters' stronghold !

" No suggestion of any incidents, though. Even the stray dog has remembered an appointment elsewhere. And now we have the troops proper turning into the street. They don't look nearly so exciting. Just drab uniforms with tired men inside." He moved away from the window. " And this, my friends, is it. The moment . . ."

Elliot looked anxiously at his wife and edged even closer to her. She forced a smile and said quietly : " Don't worry so much."

Wayne had his pipe in his mouth. " Nothing like a bold front," he said. " I 'll appoint myself into a reception committee." He crossed to the door.

Elliot developed a ramrod back. " I 'll come with you," he said. His self-control was like an iron pressing out his emotions.

Wayne shook his head and grinned. " You stay here," he said. " Make sure that Shep doesn't follow me—he 'd gum up anything. Probably put in a complaint about the hole in his hat. Sit on him if necessary."

Wayne experienced a definite sensation of relief when a brisk order was given and the rifles were lowered. A tall man in drab uniform stepped forward. Wayne judged him to be a Northerner.

They had a scratch meal out of tins. "Not risking your cooking, Shep," Wayne said, "though I must admit the general seemed satisfied."

"No reason why I shouldn't join you," said Delia Craig, lowering her knitting.

Wayne's eyes twinkled. "Every reason," he said. "I flatter myself that so far I've succeeded in hiding my natural mendacity from you. I shall probably not only lie shamelessly; but with the glibness of long practice."

She looked at him steadily. "You're a brave man, Mr. Wayne." Apart from her words, her eyes told him that she was not deceived.

"I assure you," he said, "I shall not hesitate to tell flagrant untruths."

"Better let me come with you," Sheppard suggested. "I know more dialects . . ."

"I'm not that brave, Shep," said Wayne quickly. "A few words from you and we'll all be in jail as spies." He closed the door very deliberately, took a firmer grip on his pipe and went downstairs. He had discovered, on a previous reconnaissance, that they were alone in the hotel. Mr. Poon's staff had followed Mr. Poon's example; true, they had not been so fortunate in the mode of their flight, but the results were just as effective.

Wayne was surprised to see that the narrow entrance hall of the hotel was already under military occupation. Soldiers and guerillas mingled there. His own appearance startled them and he was uncomfortably aware that several rifles were pointing in his direction. It didn't occur to him that he was doing anything courageous in continuing his descent; he judged it to be the most advisable action.

But he experienced a very definite sensation of relief when a brisk order was given and the rifles were lowered. A tall man in drab uniform stepped forward. Wayne judged him to be a Northerner.

"I am Kushin Sai, a political officer. You are the manager of this hotel?"

Wayne gave a slight inclination of his head. "I am part owner. My partner, Mr. Poon, is—er—away on business."

Kushin Sai gave a thin smile. "Very foolish of him. Very foolish of all people who do not understand that we are the army of liberation." His English was a little unsteady; but he was obviously proud of his accomplishment.

"Very foolish," Wayne agreed. "I must write to Mr. Poon and point that out . . ."

"There must be no letters written until permission is given," Kushin Sai said sharply.

Wayne smiled, and repeated the inclination of his head. "The customer is always right," he murmured.

Kushin Sai looked at him suspiciously. Wayne returned the look with a bland detachment. There was an awkward silence. Wayne thought, with gratitude, that the long hours he had spent playing poker had not been so squandered as he had sometimes imagined.

Kushin Sai seemed satisfied; moreover, he remembered that (*Continued on page 62*)

Robbery Up To Date

By Ferdinand Tuohy

COMPILERS of international police files are intrigued by a new trend among malefactors. Their lists show that robbers and thieves, traffickers and embezzlers, fakes and forgers—in fact, an extensive and peculiar range of adult delinquents—are displaying a fertility of imagination, a selectivity capable of taking surprising twists, of which Raffles himself would have been proud.

Original strokes, fresh novelties, are constantly being dreamt up, and one conclusion seems sound enough: that distress and demoralization among the middle and professional classes have furnished an accretion of brains to the ranks of wrongdoers who use their wits.

No ordinary robber would have thought of staging a burglary in a specific laboratory of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. That points to a highly specializing hand, even the intervention of the expert. The thieves abstracted papers containing the secrets of a rejuvenating serum that had taken Russian-born Dr. Bardack years of study. Shortly after, an "elixir" similar to his appeared on the market. And no redress was possible.

A rare potential fillip has been given to blackmail by the "room next door" trick. A gang employs members of the staff of leading hotels as informants. As soon as a prominent person in the social, business, or entertainment worlds registers with someone other than his wife, the headquarters of the ring is told, and technicians are dispatched to set up listening and recording instruments.

If a room next door can't be secured, then a pass-key is obtained, and—at great pains and risk—the requisite gadgets are concealed in the victim's own room. This was learnt, of course, from the films; but who taught probably the first undersea robbery in history to a Neapolitan group? This chronicle hops here and there rather inconsequentially, but throughout it will be found indexes pointing in certain directions—the tug of the black market, temptation sown by the recovery of Nazi loot, decline of moral standards, austerities, the excitation of ever more brilliant crime on the movies and the air, and in print; private ingenuity spurred by contempt for current society; and by vanity.

The piecemeal theft of a sunken destroyer from Naples Harbour smells of the disposal of scrap in the black market, and that's what four accused admitted at their trial; divers, they were, who had gone down by dusk, dark and dawn over a long period, removing the destroyer bit by bit. They weren't spotted until the job was practically done. So "Divers Stole Destroyer" is lodged among my top favourite headlines.

From ships to mice. You wouldn't think there was much money in mice. Oh yes there is—for such as can think up an original form of fraud. It's all a question of sex. A female mouse is worth twenty times as much as the male, when rodents are bred for biological and medical laboratories. The son of a wholesaler knew this quite well when he advertised 5,200 female mice at 200 francs each. At the selling rendezvous he neatly ranged (along the corridor of a hotel) 104 cases, each containing fifty mice, and opened the first, so that the client could verify that the mice in it were all females.

The remaining 5,150 turned out to be all males when the cases were delivered at the client's breeding farm in Normandy, by which time the youth had decamped with 300,000 francs paid on account.

Up the same street was the case of the Hampshire cattle dealer, charged with fitting cows with baby teeth to make them look like cow-heifers. He got twelve months for defrauding the Food Ministry. But what happens when a boy steals four tortoises and a marmoset from Manchester Zoo? He is given "special facilities" there. And thieves being highly imitative, there followed the robberies of rare or edible birds from the London Zoo. But, adult delinquency being suspected in this case, as distinct from juvenile, patrols with shotguns took the place of "special facilities."

The new trails being blazed by robbers with imagination could soon fill a handbook at the present (*Continued on page* 64)

The Spanish Scene

Has Changed, Just As The Colours Take A Different Pattern When You Shake A Kaleidescope; But In Spain The Colour Remains

By Harry J. Greenwall

Rain, rain;
Go to Spain.

BUT the rain does not go to Spain, therefore the few rivers dry up; or at best there is a tiny trickle along their stony beds. The wells run dry and there comes the dreaded drought which causes further wear and tear on the already threadbare economic fabric of Spain.

Sunny Spain! What a picture that conjures up, doesn't it? Of course it can be and often is hot and sunny, but if you have ever happened to spend a winter in Madrid, you will know how cold it can be up there on that high plateau where stands the capital city of Spain. Even on a hot summer's day, when one side of a street is dazzling in a white heat, the other side of the street will be in purple shadow and bitterly cold. Madrid is like that; if you are a stranger you stroll over to get cool and you are liable to get what the Madrileño call "foreigners' fever," a particularly nasty kind of cold. So beware; take care.

The Spaniards although not caring about these fevers have become adepts at taking care; even to-day, so long after the cruel Civil War, people like to get a table in a café as far away from other people as possible; they do not like eavesdroppers. And they have a habit, I guess they are unconscious of it, of suddenly turning round to see who is behind them. I do not think that any of them are engaged in plotting and scheming; they have become far too apathetic for that. It is probably a habit that has become second nature.

I do not want you to think that the Spanish scene is drab; *au contraire*, it is for the most part brilliantly lit; the only drabness I remarked is in the public transport. Taxis and trams are terribly shabby; so are the uniforms of tram drivers, conductors and railwaymen. You will see a Customs official in a uniform that is green at the seams, put on a clean pair of white cotton gloves before he handles the contents of your suitcases.

There is, of course, a certain amount of keeping up appearances; Spanish pride, the same as other people's pride but more of it, sees to that; yet one is forced to the conclusion that Spain to-day is a land of paradoxes. There are as many beggars in the streets as there were in the days of King Alphonso and one is inclined to jump to the conclusion that things have slipped back, because under the Republic, beggars were fewer. Yet such a conclusion would be quite wrong.

The greatest change, of course, is the return to power in Spain of the Holy Church; the Church encourages charity and it is customary in Latin countries for beggars to foregather on the steps of churches and to wait at the doors begging for alms. Hence the return of the beggars.

The Jesuits have long since regained the hold they had on education; the monks and the nuns and the seminarists are as much a part of the Spanish scene to-day as they were in the pre-Republic days and in the cafés one still hears the story, *ben trovato* or not, that the Jesuits control the finances of the Madrid Underground Railway. In fact, superficially, one could compile a long list of things that seem to be just as they were in the days of the Monarchy. But not quite all things.

General Franco thanking representatives of the Army at El Pardo Palace, Madrid, for the gift they presented him with on the occasion of the Epiphany, the traditional gift presenting day in Spain

Go out to the Plaza de Toros, Madrid's monster bull ring; you'll see quite a crowd, quite a crowd, but still, not quite such a crowd as you used to see once upon a time. On the other hand, you will find big crowds at football matches in Spain and at boxing matches and you may be tempted to fall for that old story that "football, good clean sport, is killing bull fighting in Spain." But once again you would be wrong.

The falling away in attendance at the bull rings is due to the great increase in the cost of the seats; the most expensive seats are those in the shade; there you find these days fewer people; the majority find their places in the sun.

The reason why the cost of bull ring seats has risen is that bull fighters of all ranks have demanded more money.

THE cost of living in Spain has risen enormously and is still rising; the shops are full of consumer goods and one wonders how people can afford to purchase them, but obviously the goods are not there for mere window dressing purposes.

That is a thing the Spaniards are not

(On left) Don Juan, the Pretender to the Spanish throne, with his wife, wags an admonishing finger at questioning newspaper reporters at Rancho Boyeros Airport, Havana

doing; they are not putting on a show to try and impress the world. There is one Spaniard who did try to do this and his name so far has not featured in my story. You will have guessed his name: Francisco Franco, Dictator of Spain.

Franco would have you believe that he was not a Fascist and was never anti-Ally, but those of us who happened to have been in Spain during hostilities can tell you a better story than that; when BRITANNIA AND EVE and other British publications were not allowed to be exhibited in the newspaper kiosks which were covered from top to bottom with German and Italian publications; when British and American films were not allowed to be shown, but in the theatres, German and Italian operatic companies were priority "musts."

Of course, naturally, the Spanish scene has changed, just as the colours take a different pattern when you shake a kaleidoscope; in Spain the colour remains, happily.

Dancing señoritas rattle their castanets and stamp their feet and their *olé-olés* shake the roof as of yore, but stand with me at the entrance-exit of an Underground station a minute.

Those bronzed sons of the desert, what are they doing here. They are Franco's Moroccan Guard, the ruthless and cruel soldiers who with the German Condor Division and Mussolini's merry men helped the Caudillo conquer Spain. Now even as I write he may have more work for these scarred men in burnous.

From Spanish Morocco comes news of an important revolt in the desert; it is linked with the name of Abdel-Krim, self-styled Sultan of the Riffs who for so long held off the French and the Spanish in North Africa. Finally the French captured and exiled him; then, after some years pardoned him. King Farouk of Egypt gave him asylum and became his patron in his attempts to regain power in North Africa. It must be remembered that it was heavy defeat in Spanish Morocco and the subsequent scandals this unearthed which led to the overthrow of King Alphonso. I do not know whether Francisco Franco is at all superstitious?

Another Spanish Pretender, Don Jaime, Duke of Segóvia, with his wife, the former German opera singer Charlotte Tiedemann, at the Rhine-Main Airfield, Frankfurt

PERFORCE, foreigners visiting Spain are brought up sharp against questions concerning the treatment of Spain by Britain, the U.S.A. and France, and the questions do not by any means all come from fervent supporters of Franco. For instance, one is asked why Spain is precluded from Marshall Aid when Marshall Aid is given to next-door Portugal, which also has a dictator?

Was it wise for U.N.O. to ask the Powers to withdraw their Ambassadors from Madrid?

Did France gain or lose when she closed up the French-Spanish frontier and then had to open it again?

I have an idea that before very long Spain will again be front page news and, therefore, knowledge of the background of the Spanish scene may well be a very useful thing.

I am forced to my conclusion because in the luxury hotels of Madrid and Barcelona you will find these days quite a number of American business men and they are not there as connoisseurs of bull fighting or dancing.

They are in the main most anxious to buy copper, a mineral of which Spain has enough and to spare. The Spanish Government needs money very badly; but not all the Americans are potential buyers of copper; some are representatives of private banking concerns, willing to make loans—on terms. To these some Spaniards are saying: "Well, supposing we did sign the Anti-Comintern Pact; supposing we did send men to fight Russia; you are fighting a cold war yourselves; we fought a hot one." Embarrassing things to hear, but the Spanish Government to-day is too hard-pressed to bandy words. There are well informed Spaniards who believe that a financial *débâcle* may not be so far away; Spain needs wheat and petrol. Spain owes so much money to once friendly Argentine that Argentine has cut off supplies. Spain needs foreign credits, yes, but she has an urgent need of liquid cash; where to get it but from the U.S.A.?

At the end of January Mr. William Bullitt, former American Ambassador to Moscow and Paris paid a "private visit" to General Franco. The Caudillo was able to tell him that he was now considering the advice given him by the Council of the Realm; to make certain changes in the Constitution, in order to have a more fluid and adaptable condition, in view of the grave economic difficulties which face Spain.

In order to save money, the Spanish Government is calling fewer conscripts to the colours; the rank and file is to be reduced by one third, but there is to be no reduction in the number of officers. That would be too dangerous, because if Franco axed Army officers, a large part of his support would melt away.

In the days of King Alphonso, there were approximately forty officers to each soldier in the Army of Spain; Franco's Army seems to be heading for a similar ratio.

IS Francisco Franco likely to vanish from the Spanish scene? A very short time ago the issue seemed clear enough; Don Juan, the Pretender to the Spanish throne in between games of golf at Estoril near Lisbon, had reached a gentleman's agreement with General Franco; there should be no forcing of the issue. Thereupon Don Juan's eldest son went to school in Spain while Francisco Franco's brother, who is Spanish Ambassador at Lisbon, kept an eye on the Pretender.

Then Don Juan did not send his son, the Prince of the (*Continued on page* 88)

RAPHAEL'S painting in the Vatican of King Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba

The Riddle Of Sheba's Queen

By Guy Livingston

IN the arid, sun-baked uplands of south-west Arabia a party of American archaeologists have recently been delving among the ruins of lost cities to solve one of the more fascinating mysteries of antiquity. Twenty men and one woman, sponsored by the American Foundation for the Study of Man, have been searching for traces of the Queen of Sheba, that fabulous personality of whom all tangible record has long been buried beneath the shifting Arabian sands. This is the biggest attempt yet to throw light on the enigma of Sheba's Queen, but whether even this well-organized expedition can unravel the secret of nearly three thousand years remains to be seen.

It is, in its way, remarkable that this local potentate has won immortal fame and intrigued men for so long largely on the strength of a few Old Testament verses. Recall the gist of the well-known story: the Queen, hearing of Solomon's reputation as a wise man, visits him at Jerusalem to question him on spiritual matters; overwhelmed by his knowledge and by the magnificence of his court, she confesses her previous scepticism about him and admits herself completely won over by his greatness; she presents him with gold, jewels and unprecedented quantities of spices and receives lavish gifts from him; and returns to her own land.

This picture of a Queen trekking with her laden camel-train up the length of Arabia to Jerusalem (nearly 1,500 miles over mostly waterless desert) to sit at the feet of the King of Israel has been enough to make Bilquis—for that was her name—one of the romantic figures of biblical history. But if to the Bible picture is added some of the strange legend that the ancients created around her, then the romantic aspect becomes strongly tinged with an element of the grotesque.

For the Queen of Sheba, according to middle-eastern folklore, was a woman afflicted with a blemish, even a gross deformity, of the lower limbs. One tale was that her legs and feet were covered with hair and that Solomon, to find out the truth of this, received her in a court whose polished floor looked like a pool of water, to make her lift her robes and expose herself. The cruder version of this story is that the King played his trick on her because she was supposed to have a webbed foot or an ass's foot.

The myth of the monstrous foot has been perpetuated even in western Europe. Said to have adorned a church-door at Dijon was a sixteenth-century group of statuary consisting of four biblical figures, three kings and a queen with a webbed foot, identified as the Queen of Sheba. And there had been an earlier image of the Queen at Toulouse, showing the same disfigurement.

More discreet, but surely repeating the old fantasy, is the carving at Chartres Cathedral. Here, supported on the bent back of a dwarf, is the Queen again. To her right is the figure of Balaam, standing on his ass; and on her left, with a small baby beneath his feet, is Solomon. The symbolism may be (*Continued on page* 66)

A CARVING in Chartres Cathedral of Balaam, the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. It will be noticed that one of the Queen's "monstrous" feet is hidden in the folds of her dress

The Case Of The Dusty Cobweb

When Murder Is Suspected The Smallest Detail Will Sometimes Supply A Clue

By Frank King

YES, she was waiting on the platform, bless her! Richard Blake jumped from the train before it stopped, gathered the girl's slender figure in his arms, and hugged her.

"You shouldn't have bothered turning out at this unearthly hour," he said. "I could have taken a taxi."

Grace Daventry struggled to regain the breath that had been squashed out of her.

"This 'way," she gasped, "I get—half an hour more of you."

"Darling! Where's the car?"

"I parked it round——"

"Come on, dear. Let's get out of the crowd, then I can kiss you properly."

Eventually Andrew Spofforth's big car turned its purring nose towards Hampstead.

"My own's being overhauled," explained Grace. "So Guardian said I could use this."

"Nice old boy. How's he keeping?"

"Not too good. Nerves——and insomnia. There's trouble of some sort at the office. I don't understand it at all, but it's something to do with the way these gold shares are going up."

"Oh well. He can afford to lose a bit without missing it overmuch."

THIS was a rather sore point with Richard Blake. Andrew Spofforth, senior partner of an old-established financial house in the City, had bags of money. He could give his ward everything she wanted. Richard hadn't reached that stage yet. He'd an excellent position with Yorkshire's biggest constructional engineers. Before long, he'd be doing better still. Then he'd be able to talk marriage to Grace. In the meantime—well, a holiday's a holiday.

"I'm not sure that you're right," Grace went on, frowning a little. "His partner, Herbert Elliot, came to dinner last night. Apparently there was some bad news in the evening papers, and they were both like death warmed up. And Guardian's been queer lately. Kind of mean. Short-tempered, too. Very irritable. Doctor Pringle said I hadn't to worry; it was just a symptom of his nervous trouble, and would pass away when he stopped overworking himself. I'm not so sure. Life hasn't been too pleasant these last few weeks, Richard."

"Cheer up." He slid an arm round her. "Is it going to be pleasant this week?"

The frown vanished. "You bet it is!"

THE Elms, overlooking the Heath, is a large house built in the more spacious days. It has a big garden in front and a courtyard behind, more or less enclosed by outhouses. Grace drove round to the back intending to garage the car. But as soon as she pulled up in the yard, Mrs. Walshaw, the cook, hurried out to meet her.

Mrs. Walshaw, a stout, motherly body, was flustered.

"Have you seen aught of Mr. Spofforth, miss?" she asked at once.

"No. Why?"

"He isn't anywhere in the house."

"Funny. Has he had his breakfast?"

"No, miss. I haven't seen him at all. As soon as you went off to the station, I took him a cup of tea up. He wasn't in his bedroom. Hadn't got dressed, either; his clothes are there on a chair. But not his dressing-gown and slippers. I thought he'd be in the bathroom, and took the tea along. He wasn't. I've been all over the house. He isn't anywhere."

"Good heavens! If he's gone out without getting dressed——"

Grace broke off, her lovely face troubled. Guessing what was in her mind, Richard squeezed her hand.

"Loss of memory, or some such thing," he suggested. "Don't worry. We'll find him."

They searched the house, the garden, and the outbuildings without result. At last there was only the garage left.

"He can't be in here," said Grace. "I've got the key."

An unpleasant thought was nagging away at the back of Richard's mind.

"We'd better look, anyhow. At least, I will—if you'll give me the key."

He unlocked the small door, stepped through it—and stepped out again, his pleasant features suddenly grim. Grace stared at him.

"He——he is there?"

"Yes. Will you phone for a doctor?"

"Richard! Is he—dead?"

He nodded. "I—I think so. No, don't go in. I'll—attend to him. Please ask the doctor to come as quickly as he can."

She turned and stumbled away. He stepped into the garage again and closed the door.

RICHARD unlocked the small door, stepped through it—and stepped out again, his pleasant features suddenly grim. Grace stared at him

ANDREW SPOFFORTH was dead, all right. His frail figure, in pyjamas and dressing-gown, hung by the neck at one end of a rope which passed over a hook in the ceiling and was attached at its other end to a big staple in the wall. A three-legged stool lay on its side under a workbench nearby. Two slippers had dropped to the floor beneath the dangling feet. Around them were scattered several sheets of newspaper.

As Richard cut the body down, he noticed that it was still warm. Evidently Spofforth had died very recently. Perhaps, even, he wasn't—quite gone? Perhaps artificial respiration might bring him back to life?

He laid the limp figure down on the newspapers and worked on it energetically. There was no response. No hint of breathing, no flicker of a pulse. And the blue contorted face grinned up at him—asking a dreadful question to which he could find no answer.

Doctor Pringle arrived, middle-aged, suave, unemotional. He made a rapid examination, roughly measured the height of the overturned stool, and nodded.

"He was very depressed when I saw him last night," he murmured. "But I didn't expect—this. And he's not been dead long. Pity Grace didn't get back from the station a bit earlier, Mr. Blake."

The question *must* be answered. Richard's throat felt dry.

"I'm puzzled about that, Doctor. What time would you say it—happened?"

"Certainly not more than half an hour ago. Within a few minutes of eight o'clock."

"I—I don't see how that's possible. Grace would get the car out about half-past seven. And she closed the garage—and brought the key with her."

"Perhaps he'd another. Anyhow, there doesn't seem much doubt about what happened. All these newspapers—I know they contained bad news for Andrew. Evidently he had them with him when—— But wait a minute! Surely they're——" Doctor Pringle stooped to examine the scattered papers. "Yes, they're last night's! All of them! My God! That alters things altogether."

Richard gasped. The question was getting even more ominous.

"In what way?" he asked.

"Why do you suppose they're here?" countered Pringle.

"Well, it looks as though Mr. Spofforth was studying them, and suddenly decided to——"

"Yes, that's how it looks. Was it—intended to look that way? He was hanged about eight o'clock. And the morning papers are delivered around seven. Shouldn't he have been studying those for any fresh news—rather than these?"

"Good heavens! Are you suggesting——"

"I'm thinking of the possibility that a murder has been staged to look like suicide," said the doctor quietly. "I'm thinking, Mr. Blake, that it's my duty to notify the police at once."

"WHATEVER happened to him, Grace had nothing to do with it," Richard cried angrily. "And I don't see that you've any right to say he was murdered, Mr. Trevor"

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

PETER TREVOR sat in the comfortable lounge at The Elms and listened carefully while Chief Inspector Jamieson thrashed out the details of the case.

"The time element is very confusing," he commented eventually.

"There's no chance of a mistake, Mr. Trevor. Our surgeon confirms Doctor Pringle. Spofforth died at eight o'clock as near as nippit."

"And is there another key to the garage?"

"No one knows of one. And we haven't found one."

"But if the girl has a car of her own——"

"She has another garage. She says her guardian left his key on a table in the hall last night so that she could get his car out this morning without disturbing him."

"It would be darkish at seven-thirty. Could he possibly have been hiding in the garage when she opened it up?"

"There's no place to hide."

"And apparently he couldn't have got in there after she left for the station? She's in a rather nasty spot, Jimmy—if it is murder. What do you think?"

"Dunno, Mr. Trevor. She looks a nice girl. But——"

"You've seen nice girls get violent before now, eh? Is she physically strong enough to have strung her guardian up?"

"Lord, yes! He was a poor bit of a thing. And the hook in the ceiling would act as a pulley."

"He'd have to be unconscious, of course. Any sign of a blow on the head, or something of the kind?"

"No. But there's something else. Doctor Pringle gave him some sleeping tablets yesterday. Six of them in a little box. He'd to take two each night. There are only two left."

"H'm! That might have some significance. What about motive, Jimmy? Has she one?"

"Not that I know of. They seem to have been on very good terms. There's no reason, so far as I can make out, why anyone should murder him. Contrariwise, he'd a pretty good motive for suicide." Jamieson explained Spofforth's financial difficulties. "Doctor Pringle says he was very depressed. And there's another thing. His partner, Herbert Elliot, was here for dinner last night, and had a long business talk with him afterwards. Elliot says that some of Spofforth's replies to his questions were very evasive, and made him rather uneasy. By the time he let himself out of the house at midnight——"

"Everyone else in bed?"

"Yes."

"Then he was the last to see Spofforth alive?"

"That's so. But it means nothing—even to a suspicious mind like yours, Mr. Trevor. Because when Elliot left here, he'd grown so worried that he went straight to the house of the firm's bookkeeper and persuaded him to go along to the office. The two of them worked on the books all night—they were still there when we phoned to tell Elliot about Spofforth's death. They found definite evidence that someone had been monkeying with the accounts."

"Certainly sounds like suicide, then," mused Peter. "But how did he manage to get into the garage while the girl had the key? Interesting. Show me things, Jimmy."

Jamieson obeyed, leading him across the courtyard, assuring him that nothing had been disturbed since the police arrived. After a searching glance round the roomy garage which had been converted from the original stabling, Peter hitched up his knife-creased trousers and knelt beside the body of Andrew Spofforth.

"Hallo, what's this?" he said at once, indicating a greasy stain on the front of the dressing-gown.

"There's a small tube of ointment in the breast pocket. Evidently got burst open during his death struggle. It's yellow oxide of mercury."

"Also called golden ointment. Used for some forms of eye trouble. Gosh! I wonder. . . ."

"What's bitten you, Mr. Trevor? Both Pringle and our surgeon agree that it had nothing to do with the death."

"I agree, too." Peter continued his examination. "And I agree about the time. Very close to eight o'clock. Well, well! And the door was locked from seven-thirty onwards? Puzzling."

"Can you say whether it's murder or suicide?"

"It's murder, without a doubt. That tube of ointment—but I'm hanged if I can understand—Excuse the bad joke, Jimmy. Quite unintentional."

Peter rose to his feet, brushing his trousers. He began to whistle something remotely resembling "Annie Laurie." Soon he felt in his pockets, and snapped his fingers irritably.

Recognizing the gesture, Jamieson gave him a cigarette and a light.

"You're miles ahead of me, Mr. Trevor," he complained. "Why must it be murder?"

"Thanks. These newspapers, for one thing."

"Because they're last night's?"

"No, not just that. They're mysterious. I'm worried about them. They confuse me. I can't think they were left here just to give the impression of suicide. That was part of the idea, probably—but not the whole of it. This murder was carefully planned, Jimmy. And the murderer was far too cunning to use last night's papers if he—or she—could have used this morning's. The obvious reason for their presence isn't the only one."

"I don't get that," grumbled Jamieson. "Seems to me you're complicating things unnecessarily. If it's murder, then the girl's our man. And she certainly wouldn't want to emphasize the time of death."

Peter smiled. "Why so sure that the girl has changed her sex, Jimmy?"

"Well, you said yourself that Spofforth would have to be unconscious. Whether he was slugged (*Continued on page 76*)

Watching larks rising over the moors at dawn

Hark! Hark! The Lark

By R. H. Ferry

"UP with the lark and with the lark to bed" is a well-known rural saying indicating that the countryman rises with the first early bird, and goes to bed early after a hard day's work. The rising of birds, however, has been under close observation by ornithologists of recent years, and many strange facts have come to light. The naturalist, Noble Rollin, has organized an army of watchers to "clock in" the birds as they rise and sing, and the wave of bird song has been accurately charted throughout the length of the British Isles, from when it starts, to dusk, when it slowly dies away. Years ago Hudson reported that he saw a skylark start to rise over Salisbury Plain at eight minutes past 2 a.m., and in a census taken in 1933 the skylark still held its reputation as the earliest of bird risers. But in recent observations the lark was not heard till 3.10 a.m. whereas the curlews had begun to pipe their weird notes eighteen minutes earlier, and song thrushes were heralding the summer's dawn at 2.30 a.m.

The skylark, it seems, is getting up later. If we wish to be up to date we must be "up with the thrush"! The main chorus of the birds starts a little later after the first awakening call notes, and this is usually comprised of the voices of thrushes that make up the biggest volume of sound, blackbirds and robins. Larks often have a chorus of their own that gets under way before the other birds, and practically ceases before the others are tuned in.

If skylarks have lost the record for early rising, they still retain it for singing over a longer period of months than any other British birds—for nearly 10½ months in the year. The poet, Robert Richardson, who wrote the beautiful "April Allegro" about larks is misleading as to when these birds are first heard :

> "Then at last one April dawn,
> High above the glimmering lawn!
> While the first faint fires are shattering the dark,
> Lo, I hear the buoyant note."

ONE not infrequently, however, hears larks singing as early as January and fairly commonly in February and March. To hear them at their best one should go up on to open moors in May where the curlews "wind their horns"; in this month both cock and hen larks rise into the air one after another till they weave a strong pattern in the blue sky, and the air is filled with their song. As George Meredith wrote, "a silver chain of sound of many links without a break" cascades down to the listener below. Even in June when most of the birds, except for a few thrushes, black-caps, and blackbirds are silent, the larks continue their gay song. Seemingly unaffected by the heat of July afternoons larks sing over the hay fields, and farmers know that when they sing on courageously beneath storm clouds the rain is likely to be of short duration :

> "The larks blithe carol from the cloud
> Seems for the scene too gaily loud."

At the end of this month the lark is the only bird left singing with any degree of power or *joie de vivre*. In August and September during the moult there is a silence, but the October woods hear the song again for a little while. Skylarks will at times sing on the ground in the very early morning, and sometimes from a post, but never perched in trees. These songsters undoubtedly gain inspiration from altitude and fast-beating wings :

The flight of larks lasts from ten minutes to an hour during which time the throat and wings are taxed to the uttermost yet without fatigue to either

> "Light from the sod the lark exulting springs
> Joy tunes his voice and animates his wings."

The flight lasts from ten minutes to an hour during which time the throat and wings are taxed to the uttermost yet without fatigue to either. While the bird wings its way up, paying homage to its Creator, the notes grow louder as the circle of ascent is widened. A. L. Turnbull in his delightful book *Bird Music* (Faber) writes : "More wonderful perhaps than the beautiful timbre of the music is the bird's physical achievement of synchronizing its sustained vocal effort with a stiff, almost vertical climb. This double effort indicates superb lung power. It is truly a great performance, perhaps the greatest in the song bird world."

There are about ninety British birds that nest on the ground, and both skylarks and woodlarks nest in sparse ground nests where four to five greyish-white eggs are laid in April. A distinctive feature of the larks is the long hind claws, which are used on (*Continued on page* 84)

The Glamour Of A Name

Clad in the regalia of an Iroquois chief, carrying a hand-made Hopi Indian basket, he moved among the accumulated crowds, extolling the virtues of his serpent-oil

In a successful hoax certain essential factors are necessary; first, supreme assurance on the part of the hoaxer; second, the ability to make statements which, though impressive, are not easily checked. And third—the appeal to human frailty . . . for when a fancy title is noised abroad the milling crowd quickly loses its sense of judgment in the glamour of a Name.

By
WARREN ARMSTRONG

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW

WITH his imposing eagle-plume head-dress, the animal-bone necklet, embossed leather wristlets, befringed chaps, and a neat line in tomahawks hanging conspicuously from his belt, the tall Iroquois chief commanded the attention of that audience in a Brussels concert hall. And for a leading member of that dying race of prairie fighters, White Elk proved to be unexpectedly communicative.

He spoke freely of the mystic tribes, of how they fought the French and British invaders; he sketched the method of their tribal dances, their annual Festival to the Sun . . . and in a passing remark mentioned the serpent-oil balm which was used at times over council pow-wows held at the light of leaping flames out there in the Great Outdoors. So it continued for a full hour, and came to an end with his tragic confession that the " glory of the famous Redskins who had fought so well against the Paleface pioneers " had now gone for ever. Thus, Brussels heard its most exciting lecture; and the Chief gained a host of new admirers.

Invitations from members of the audience flowed freely that evening; and of them all he elected to accept one which came from the Count Georg Khevenhuller-Metsch who, with his startlingly pretty sister, the Countess Antoinette, and their patrician mother, wished him to dine with them. " Just an informal meal " at a nearby hotel. And so it happened that a tasteful affair was set before the four of them . . . and three of the diners forgot to eat, lost to all else as their guest spoke of his distant homelands. He told them that his mother had been " distantly connected with the Bourbon family "—a fact which, he had hoped, might serve him well when he spoke with the British and Canadian Governments. For it seemed that, somewhere out there in the wide, open spaces, he possessed immense treasure of mineral and oil—but they were denied him by the politicians . . .

His hosts sympathised profoundly; his deep-set eyes, becoming infinitely sad, had a moving effect on the lovely and impressionable Antoinette, and her little

Society made much of "Grey Owl," and he was received at Buckingham Palace. "Grey Owl's" hoax was claimed as the most perfect ever recorded

hand slid unnoticed beneath the table cover and came to rest, cool and comforting, on the strong, sun-tanned right hand of the Chief.

THE meal ended, he had accepted an invitation to break his lecture tour and come with them to their Italian home; and there, with horses and a car at his disposal, in the company of Antoinette, he basked in the sunshine of the southern skies. It was after an excursion one lovely afternoon that Antoinette ran weeping into her mother's boudoir to break the distressing news that their guest had just given away his few remaining pennies to charity . . .

It was sad. It was also only natural that two understanding women should want to help. And so, small at first, the loans increased until, some four months later, White Elk was the better off by nearly £10,000. Thus fortified against the rigours of an unsympathetic world, to Antoinette one morning he suggested that he must be on his way; he had some remaining engagements in his lecture tour. But he would return to her . . .

"White Elk" went to Rome and had an informal chat with Mussolini, and offered his warmest congratulations on his recent political prowess

"The Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia," who could not speak Russian, had hundreds of believers; was welcomed in America and was the guest of millionairess Mrs. William Leeds. The only genuine part about her was her Christian name—Anastasia

REACHING Fiume, he was welcomed by the Mayor and civic dignitaries, inspected the guard of honour while a regimental band played what its director of music fervently hoped was the anthem of the Red Indians. He journeyed on to Bari, for a State visit, and was the guest of honour of the Fascist garrison commander. Then to Rome, for an informal chat with Mussolini, to offer his warmest congratulations on recent political prowess; and it was said that Il Duce felt so flattered that forthwith he admitted the Chief to the inner sanctum of his Secret Circle. Afterwards . . . a journey to Vatican City, where he was accorded an audience. And by the time he reached Florence White Elk possessed inscribed portraits of both Mussolini and the Pope.

SUITABLY framed, he gave them place of honour in the suite of rooms engaged for him at a fashionable guest-house in Neuchatel. Then, to the lovely Antoinette he wrote at length of his recent journeys, adding a footnote that it had been a heavy expense. On the instructions of the Count Georg, however, Antoinette was forbidden to relieve the unfortunate situation with another donation.

An unexpected development, the more regrettable because the Count telephoned the guest-house and had certain confidential suggestions to make.

Two or three fleeting days later, Chief White Elk was taken into "protective custody" and lodged with the chief of police . . . the while cables hummed between Switzerland, London and New York, switching the general scene back a year to the hot summer of 1924, and Atlantic City.

Eddie LaPlante believed that only mugs worked; and one of these days he intended landing a wealthy sucker. In the meantime, surveying the jam-packed holidaymakers on those golden beaches, he rustled the last dollar bills in his pocket and wondered whether this might not be a chance at least to augment the exchequer. The drug stores had sold out of their sun-tan lotions, and vast expanses of half-roasted humanity urgently needed soothing. He remembered the little junk-store which dealt in a wide assortment of oddities. And

Prince Mike Romanoff peering a trifle dejectedly through bars fixed over a porthole in the liner *De Grasse*, en route for France to serve a one-year sentence

In his Russian Cossack uniform Prince Mike Romanoff made box-office news—but then those handsome features suddenly disappeared from the theatre-front. Obviously, there was a reason. But nobody seemed over-anxious to mention it

next morning, clad in the regalia of an Iroquois chief, carrying a hand-made Hopi Indian basket, he moved among the accumulated crowds, extolling the virtues of his serpent-oil, the small jar 75 cents, double-size one dollar-twenty-five.

TWO weeks later Eddie reached Hollywood, where luscious lovelies of the celluloid city and myopic matrons on the fringes of filmland regarded him with mixed feelings. He was dined and wined, offered film parts, and made the most of his chances; then, without warning, he headed east, stopping in New York long enough only to book a suite on a Transatlantic liner, and to despatch a few "Press telegrams" in the general direction of London and Paris . . .

In London, a word here, a hint there—and the name of White Elk was added to the list of Presentations at Court; but somebody somewhere decided that this tall Redskin looked suspiciously like cheap veneer. So he was scratched. He left England in a hurry, giving himself just sufficient time to contact a French agent who handled the bookings for his lecture-tour.

And so, when the cables had carried their questions and answers, a knowledgeable little police chief in Neuchatel escorted White Elk to the Italian frontier, where he was handed over to face a charge of fraud. Found guilty and sentenced to five years, he made an imposing exit from public life; the hired limousine in which he rode to gaol was decked high with floral tributes sent by a very unhappy Antoinette and her sorrowing patrician mother.

AT what exact point doubt enters to spoil the further chances of the hoaxer is hard to say; sometimes there is an unexpected development.

There was the classic case of "Grey Owl." Like White Elk, he, too, was a Red Indian. And he reached Britain to lecture on Red Indian life and on natural history of the vast open spaces. During the course of his lecture tour hundreds of thousands listened to him; his audiences included famous national historians and equally famous authorities on the Red Indians. He passed among them, superb in dignity. For publication in a well-known British magazine, he was photographed by a famous authority, and the picture appeared above a charming little caption which explained that "Grey Owl, world-renowned Indian trapper, is a special friend of the wild animals, whose habits he has studied for many years."

Society made much of him. And as he walked among their numbers, the knowledgeable whispered to each other that he always put his toe down before his heel, *which no white man ever learns to do*! He was received at Buckingham Palace, this quiet-voiced Redskin. Then he died. And it was discovered that his name was Arthur Belaney, educated at a Hastings, Sussex, school. That was little more than ten years ago, and "Grey Owl's" hoax was claimed as the most perfect ever recorded.

THEN there was the case of "The Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia," who appeared out of the blue and claimed that she was the daughter of the Czar who, with the rest of his Imperial family, was murdered at Ekaterinburg. It seemed that the Grand Duchess feigned death, and made her getaway at dead of night. She hated speaking about that terrible occasion when cold-blooded murder was done to her defenceless family. And the crazy thing about it all was that *she could not speak Russian*; her medical adviser informed the Press, and a handful of doubters, that this defect was due, no doubt, to the harrowing experience through which the Grand Duchess had passed, and they let it go at that.

On the scene next appeared the Grand Duchess Olga, "aunt" of the Grand Duchess Anastasia; and the dear soul waxed lyrical in her denunciations, claiming that Anastasia "had not a single feature in common with the person she is supposed to be." Yet the obviously false Grand Duchess (*Contd. on page* 86)

That evening Prince Mike Romanoff was photographed in his New York apartment, photographed by a horde of news-hunting Pressmen, celebrating his freedom after payment of a 2,500-dollar bond pending appeal from a deportation order

Story Of British Exploration

A Feature Of The 1951 Exhibition

ONE of the outstanding features of the 1951 Exhibition will be the Dome of Discovery Pavilion. This great building will be roofed with a dome of aluminium and will tell the story of British pre-eminence in discovery and exploration.

What will surprise many will be to learn that less than a century ago Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Speke, Sven Hedin and many other famous explorers were still startling the world with their remarkable discoveries. At that date great slices of the Dark Continent were unknown to the white man. The interior of the Sahara was largely a closed book. The source of that important river, the Nile had not been located, nor had the world-famed Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. Very little was known of the great Takla-Makan Desert in Chinese Turkestan, and our knowledge of Tibet and its sacred city Lhasa was most scanty. We knew little about Arabia's great desert and the sources of such important rivers as the Indus and the Brahmaputra.

Beyond the Himalayas were towering mountain ranges waiting to be surveyed and mapped. There was still much to be learned about the interior of Australia, while that interesting island of New *(Continued on page 72)*

By Harold J. Shepstone

He went on to his peroration, and a little gasp ran round the crowded hall, as he dramatically produced the revolver—"a loaded revolver," he repeated, in the breathless hush

THE FOX

A Short Story

By

Anthony Armstrong

KING MENDIP III of Tolaria was facing a grave problem. He had faced many before in his life, but had always skilfully twisted round, through, or under them. He was not known to all Europe as "The Fox" for nothing. Indeed, he was The Fox *par excellence*, The Fox to end all Foxes. His tortuous mind instinctively doubled back on itself at every point, weaving its hidden motives and plausible actions in and out of each other, till the result was like a skein of wool in a puppy's basket. As one of his loyal subjects—a drunk fish-porter in a quayside tavern, to be precise—had put it, "If that King of ours was to swallow a poker, it'd be a corkscrew afore it was halfway down!"

This convoluted mentality, this inborn urge to deceive, had been apparent even in the nursery: it was in full flower throughout his later education by tutors—one of whom, a conscientious professor, committed suicide in despair of ever being able to teach his charge to speak the truth or think honestly. By twenty he had, with the help of a young and scheming Countess, enmeshed his elder brother in a skilfully-planned scandal, which led to banishment and loss of the succession. The Countess, however, did not achieve the expected marriage and queenship: instead she found herself involved in a subtly prearranged undertow which swept her into a prison fortress.

At twenty-five, sent to quell an insurrection against his father, he returned, protesting *force majeure*, at the head of it. The old King was forced to abdicate, and died later of a broken heart; he, almost alone, had trusted Mendip. And after seven years on the throne the habit of deceit had so wrapped The Fox round with layer upon layer of false dealing that no one could even know what lay at the core—probably not even The Fox himself.

The oil-well concession, for instance. King Mendip smiled craftily as he recalled it. An English company had leased the rich Southern oilfields, paying a large subsidy to Tolaria—though not so large as it had been before passing through the State Accounting Board, in which the King took a keen, guiding interest. After years of expensive development they were beginning to make big profits when a wave of anglophobia—so sudden as to be undoubtedly spontaneous—unaccountably sprang up, culminating in a popular clamour for the return of Tolaria's "filched" oilfields. The dictatorial King all at once found himself helpless against the expressed will of his beloved people, and almost cried on the British Ambassador's shoulder to prove his regret and good faith. Strikes increased, leading to rioting by the workers, to which the Tolarian troops invariably arrived too late. Finally the English Company was forced to pull out. Generous compensation was awarded and a small part of it paid: litigation to recover the rest became a perennial feature of the Tolarian Royal Courts.

Soon after, the oil fields were leased to an American Company at a higher subsidy—plus a very tangible recognition of His Majesty's statesmanship in persuading his people after all of the advantages of co-operation with foreign interests. This latter part of the transaction, however, was only known to one other beside The Fox, Count Apenta, the nearest to a personal adviser he possessed. And the fact that, through a hidden chain of nominees, the King was a large shareholder in the U.S.

(*Continued on page* 68)

Illustration by Frank Lea

Towns

That Live On Talk

WHEN the first daffodils of spring appear the thoughts of thousands of Britons turn not to love but to talk. Easter sees the opening of the "Conference Season" and from then until autumn gales drive them from the seaside the conferences of hundreds of political and professional parties, unions and associations at a score of seaside towns and spas will produce a flood of speeches and debates. There will be a short rest from conferring in August, not because it is too hot for talk, but because the conference towns become so full of ordinary holiday-makers that they discourage conference bookings.

This year promises to be a record one for conferences. At a modest estimate there will be at least 500 important conferences and they will probably mean up to half a million additional visitors to the "conference towns" which, if they don't altogether live on talk, at least cultivate it as a considerable sideline. All the leading conference towns, from Blackpool to Brighton, report increased conference bookings. Blackpool expects up to 100 conferences and Harrogate, Scarborough, Southport, Brighton, Margate and Bournemouth are amongst other towns that will probably have more than fifty before the year ends.

Conferences mean a flow of money into the towns that can attract them. Brighton estimated that one year's conferences brought £500,000 into the town. The money spent on the conference itself—the bookings of halls and hotels—is only a fraction of the money that flows. Delegates may spend a pound or two a head on buying each other drinks—and there are more than 1,500 delegates at the biggest conferences. Many of them take their wives and children who have to amuse themselves while the menfolk talk. An official of the Railway Clerks' Association before the war disclosed that the Conference (*Continued on page* 71)

By Curtiss Hamilton

The Pupils *from the* Argentine

How A Perfect, Honest Gentleman Out-smarted The Smart Miss Frances

By Rosalind Farnell

MISS LOUISA DAWSON and her sister Frances were the top and tail of a large Victorian family, and in the year 1895, being ladies of pronounced culture, they opened a Select School for the Daughters of Gentlemen at Brighton—the Hove end, of course.

They would have preferred Hampstead, but their brother, wiser than they in the ways of the world, and a doctor to boot, spoke his forthright mind in plain terms:

"Don't *you*! Now listen! Have your school on the south coast; catch 'em young, feed 'em well, and let 'em loose on the Downs. Teach 'em what you please but parents don't ask for culture and all that. Ozone is what anaemic girls need these days—and don't skimp the food—try Brighton, that's my advice to you. Take it or leave it."

So with a sniff of disdain they had taken it and in due course found a suitable mansion discreetly hidden behind a belt of trees and there they settled in to draw up an attractive prospectus.

Miss Louisa, being of a motherly nature and well stocked with good sense, packed away her culture ready for the next foreign holiday and laid competently about her in linen cupboard, larder and kitchen, leaving it to Miss Frances, the owner of the establishment, to spread her ample culture amongst intimidated parents and petrified pupils.

WITHIN two years the school had begun to approach a sober prosperity, or rather—to be cautious—the prospect of prosperity. They should spend more on advertising, Harry said, but this was distasteful to them, since, in their cultured innocence, they held that a good thing speaks for itself. To this he had rudely replied: "Yes, but not nearly loud enough." As soon as they could afford it, he said, they should build on a separate wing for a sanatorium—like all other schools nowadays.

"LET us drink to the health of"—he paused dramatically—"poor little Fiametta"

Well, he always had such big ideas, it was far too soon to launch out into building schemes, but they would of course bear it in mind.

Thus, one evening in the middle of January, after the accountant had produced a reasonably encouraging balance-sheet they sat by their drawing-room fire taking tea and hot crumpets, and wearing their best afternoon attire, because "you never knew."

As they drank their tea they discussed future schemes. It was important to keep up their numbers. Naturally some of the older ones were leaving; their places must be filled—filled from the bottom. Comfortably mixing their metaphors over their well-buttered crumpets "they must play their cards well to catch their fish, and as Harry had said, must catch 'em young."

As the butter from the crumpets spread itself about, the mantle of their culture slipped further and further away, until suddenly the door opened and the parlourmaid announced "A gentleman to see you, Ma'am."

Miss Frances climbed adroitly on to the conversational stilts from the eminence of which she liked to parade her scholarship.

Miss Louisa took a little longer, since in springing up she had dropped her handkerchief and needed to retrieve it before passing it elegantly but effectively over her buttered mouth.

The gentleman bowed slightly as Miss Frances came forward with a becoming but not effusive smile of welcome.

"Am I addressing Miss Dawson?"

Miss Frances noticing their prospectus in his hand took over the matter competently.

"If it is the Principal with whom you would speak, it is I."

Then she waved towards the advancing Miss Louisa: "My sister, Miss Dawson."

Handing Miss Frances a card, he began at once as they asked him to sit down:

"My name is Brabazon. I am looking for a school at which to place my two daughters."

They rustled very slightly; just enough to show natural interest but not as if they cared too much.

Miss Frances glanced at the card in her hand:

"Buenos Aires," she read, out-Spaniarding the Spaniard in her pronunciation of this usually ticklish name.

"Yes. That is where I live and have my business headquarters—which of course has large connections here, too. I am glad to say business is good, very good just now. I hope you ladies have nothing against good sound business?"

"Of course not," they murmured, Miss Frances adding: "We have several pupils whose fathers are engaged in business—the higher branches of course, and we have a very good type of girl, always. And one of our parents is actually a Member of Parliament—though on the wrong side, I fear."

"But he is a thorough gentleman!" Miss Louisa put in—rather needlessly, Miss Frances thought.

He continued: "I have not much time over here so I am only considering schools in Brighton. I want the sea-air for both of them—particularly for the younger, who is rather delicate."

"Naturally," agreed Miss Frances. "We come of a medical family—that is to say my brother is a doctor in Eastbourne not very far away. We consult him constantly on matters of health—a matter which has always our paramount consideration—and, I may say, is the special province of my sister."

"I gathered that," he looked pleasantly at Miss Louisa, "from your prospectus. I got a list of the various likely schools in Brighton from the usual educational agents as soon as I arrived in London."

"Are your children still in Brazil?" asked Miss Frances who did not regard geography as a cultural subject so left it to the junior mistresses.

"The Argentine," he corrected without emphasis, in a very courtly way. "No. They came over with me and I left them at my sister's home in Northumberland. She will of course, make herself responsible for them whenever necessary, and she will have them for the holidays. But if my children come to you eventually, I should wish you to undertake a good deal of responsibility for them. See to their clothes, buy whatever they need; in fact—for an extra consideration of course—'Mother' them."

"Are you a widower then?" Miss Louisa asked in mournful tones, for her heart was easily wrung.

"So tactlessly naïve," thought her sister, glancing at her with a veiled glare and wishing she were near enough to tread accidentally on her foot.

"I am sorry to say my wife is a sad invalid," he replied. "She is in hospital on the hills above Buenos Aires. I am anxious to get back to her as soon as possible."

"Very sad for your two girls," Miss Frances struck in, wishing to bring the conversation back to them. "How old are they?"

"Dolores is eleven and little Fiametta is nine."

Suppressing the leaping comment: "What nice ages," she burst with her sister into extravagant appreciation of their names. While Louisa purred "How pretty!" Frances rolled them on her tongue in a transport of culture, giving each syllable of Dolores its full Spanish flavour and playing a scherzo staccato with little Fiametta.

"Here are their photographs." Mr. Brabazon took them from his pocket-book. "That is Dolores." He handed it to Miss Frances. "And that is Fiametta," he handed the other to Miss Louisa.

He leaned forward eagerly awaiting their comments

"She looks intelligent," judged Miss Frances after a long scrutiny, "and very pretty."

"Yes, she takes after her mother. The other, they say, takes after me."

"Oh, but she's pretty too," Miss Louisa twittered. They all had to laugh and the atmosphere at once became less strained and formal, quite a human discussion taking place on the children's characters, their parents wishes and hopes, domestic and intimate questions being asked and answered, till it almost looked to Miss Frances as if the little fishes were landed.

"Oh, one more question," he said as they were on their feet preparatory to making a grand tour of the establishment. "In addition to riding, I am most anxious they should take callisthenics. Little Fiametta has heard so much about English schoolgirls and their wonderful gymnasiums. No doubt you have one—as the other schools I saw to-day?"

Miss Louisa was aghast and showed it. Not so Miss Frances.

"Really!" she said, returning to her stilts at the mere idea of those other schools having their own gymnasiums and wondering to what schools he referred. "I did not know that others had already stolen a march on us. We pride ourselves on being in the forefront of all educational progress and advance, but I will not hide from you, and I am sure you will appreciate, after the delightful talk we have had, that we always like to test out a new idea before adopting it, just because it is new. We are not like the Athenians, running after every new thing. We have, however, given very serious consideration to the question of callisthenics and although we have not yet built our own gymnasium" —here she succeeded in edging sufficiently near to her sister to give her a good nudge—"I have already the plan in my mind for a new two-floored wing, which shall consist of a sanatorium above and a gymnasium on the ground floor."

Here she paused, that the full magnitude of the plan should be appreciated, and then continued: "If you decide to place your two little girls in our care—and I feel sure you will not regret it—little Fiametta will soon find the gymnasium she is looking for."

"That is excellent," he conceded with a bow as she swept in front of him to begin the ascent of the fine Adam staircase—"our only survival you see of a more gracious age."

As soon as the front door closed on him Louisa turned on Frances, suppressing a laugh and simulating fury: "You humbug!"

"Not at all," said the other loftily. "The first I've heard of your gymnasium!" sniffed Louisa.

"But not the last. I am not obliged to discuss all my schemes with my housekeeper."

Then she dropped her assumed reserve and dignity.

"To tell you the truth it came to me quite suddenly. You see *if* we get those two dear little 'pups'—good perhaps for eight years apiece, we can launch out at once! What did you think of him, Loo?"

"Oh!' He was charming. Quite a gentleman! By the way, you'd better look up your South American capitals before he comes on Thursday."

They joined in laughter at the friendly banter.

"It was Thursday, wasn't it, *if* he comes back at all?"

"Yes, *if* he comes," Louisa answered cautiously.

MISS FRANCES, noticing their prospectus in his hand, took over the matter competently

BUT he did come. While he waited in the empty drawing-room his wandering eye came to rest, as it was meant to do, on a what-not whereon was displayed, in a deliberately careless manner a pale green volume with a white vellum back. He took it up and looked at the title in gold letters: *The Lives of the Troubadours*, by Miss Frances Dawson. He was still holding it when Miss Frances entered with a casual apology for keeping him waiting. She was pleased to see he had already risen to her bait. He congratulated her, as he shook hands, on being an authoress as well as an educationalist.

"My sister and I always make a point of foreign travel in our holidays—a schoolmistresses's life is otherwise so narrow. I wonder more of our colleagues don't do the same. It has been a great interest to me writing this book you have in your hand."

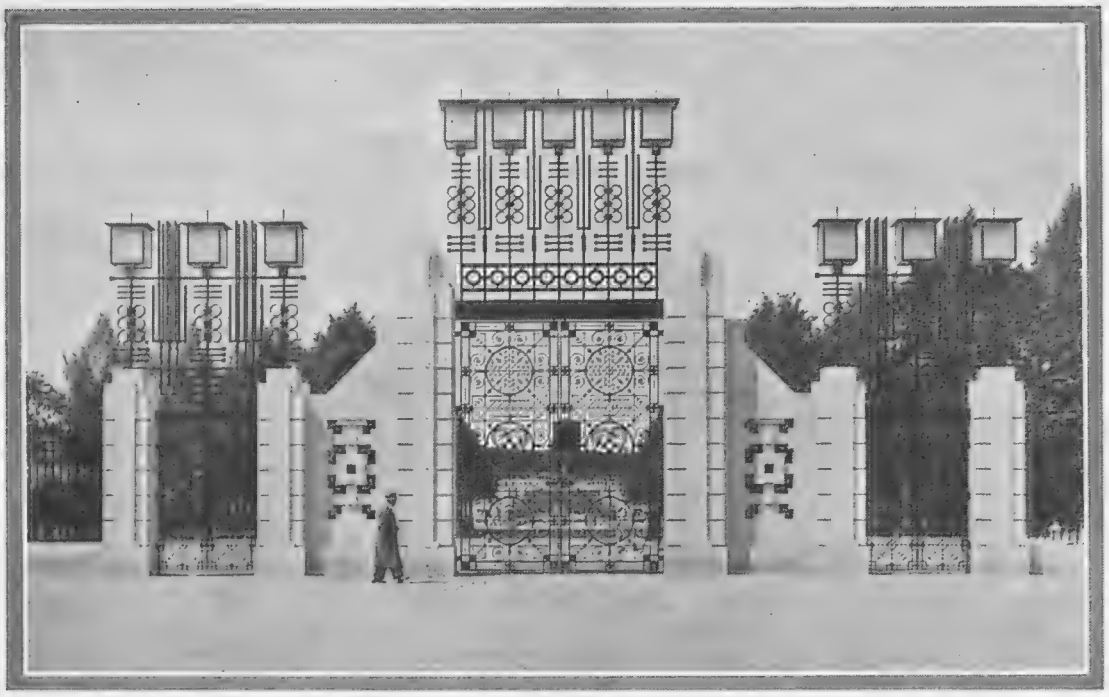
He placed it reverently back on the what-not.

"Do you know Provence at all? Are you interested (*Continued on page* 81)

On Vigeland Bridge are fifty-eight figures, either single or in groups of two. The subject above depicts an angry child. It is said that Vigeland was cleverest at sculpturing children

(*Below*) In 1907 Vigeland began the first and most vital part of his life's work—the great fountain which now stands in the Park. The basin is upheld by six men twice life-size, and the figures of the wooden groups standing on the edge of the outer basin are life-size, and like the bas-reliefs give a picture of life from beginning to end

The wonderful Monolith in Vigeland Park, Oslo. The Monolith stands at the highest point of the lay-out. It is silhouetted against the sky and is surrounded by 36 groups of stone figures. Nearly 60 feet in height it weighs over 200 tons and is a single block of stone. It took Vigeland ten months to model his Monolith in full scale, while the transference of his intricate interpretation to the stone occupied three expert sculptors no less than thirteen years



The main entrance gates to the Vigeland Sculpture Park, designed by Gustav Vigeland and carried out in wrought iron

Man-Made Miracle

The Wonders Of The Vigeland Sculpture Park In Oslo

By Gordon Cooper

STANDING in a pleasant park on the outskirts of Oslo, the Norwegian capital, is a unique exhibition of statuary which when I first saw it amazed me. I literally gasped, for it overwhelms the eye and mind. Later, varying emotions are aroused, but indifference can never be one of them.

Fanatical admiration and scornful abuse have been, and still are, directed on what is, in my opinion, the greatest man-made wonder in our modern world—the Vigeland statues at Oslo. Worshippers regard this monumental, but distinctly pagan, creation—the work of a single man of supreme genius—with religious fervour. Detractors claim to be disgusted and revolted by the wholesale display of what they say is simply unashamed, crude nudity. To these latter people, a minority incidentally, the display provides no healthy, emotional "message."

One of the stone groups, thirty-six in all, which encircle the Monolith, the dominating feature of the park

(*On right*) This piece of bronze sculpture is on the Vigeland Bridge

The moderate-minded, however, may regard Vigeland Park as being typical of the Norwegian national style: a kind of Viking romanticism, delineating human nature as it is and seeking out the secret powers which control our minds, creating the very drama of life. In fact, imagination plays a vital part in appreciating and understanding these undoubted works of art.

Gustav Vigeland, who conceived every detail of lay-out as well as being responsible for each group of statuary in the park named after him, was born in 1869. As a boy he showed precocious ability as a wood-carver. His genius as an original designer and sculptor was soon recognized, but this critical acclamation did not prevent his suffering great hardships and extreme poverty for many years, due largely to his artistic integrity and fiercely independent outlook. Even when Vigeland attained national success he never grew rich, for the high standards and the quantity of his work swallowed up his financial rewards as fast as he received them.

It was in 1907 that Vigeland began the first and most vital part of his life's work—the great fountain which now stands in the park. Financed from the outset by the Oslo Town Council, the sculptor's original conception grew into something much bigger than a mere fountain, although there was always a minority on the Council who disapproved and opposed the whole scheme. Early in 1943 Vigeland died before his vast work could be completed, but the plan is being carried on along the lines he laid down.

It must be emphasized that not only the statuary but the whole geometric lay-out of the park emanated from this one sculptor's brain. Mathematical accuracy has, so to speak, dominated the whole work, and the most painstaking care taken in all the measurements. Nothing has been sited or laid out by chance or casual taste.

The Vigeland Portal (main entrance gates) is our first contact with original genius. They announce the theme of the whole work. These iron-work gates are of geometrical designs, except the central fields which consist of fabulous creatures. There are no human figures, although in two of the reptile fields we see signs of the appearance of man. In the vividly wrought metal a new form of life is dramatically taking the place of the old, with the antediluvian reptile nature

(*Continued on page 74*)

Forest Famine

Trimming a felled oak from the estate of Lord Courthope at Whiligh, Wadhurst, which will be used to repair the famous hammer-beam roof of Westminster Hall
(*On left*) Many plantations in the Lake District have been stripped of their trees. A picture of Little Langdale with Wetherlam in the background

FOR every five trees felled in 1948, six were cut down last year. Seven or eight will fall before the woodman's axe this year. Already more than a third of the woodlands in England are believed to be felled or neglected scrubland. Half the woods of Wales are in the same state. In Scotland the position is worse. A recent census of all woods in that country reveals that sixty-four per cent are felled, devastated or scrub.

The Forestry Commission have admitted that our trees are being destroyed at a rate "in excess of the annual growth." They add that this destruction can be maintained "only for a limited period," hence the Government's recent decision to licence the felling of no more than 23,500,000 cubic feet of mature timber this year.

Men are apt to panic in a famine. A world where timber is as precious as dollars will produce a quickening of the indiscriminate felling of trees which is already evident in every county.

I have lately travelled far about the green countryside of Sussex where woods in prewar days covered fourteen per cent of the land. I saw hundreds of acres robbed of handsome standard oaks as well as birch and chestnut coppicing, and given over to willow herb, brambles and buttercups. In many places no attempt was being made to clean the land and plant again. The rabbits were in command and they spell ruin for young seedlings.

NOR were rabbits the only enemy. Voles and field mice may destroy a large proportion of the acorns that litter the floor of the forest. Grey squirrels have proved themselves among the worst enemies of the forester. They eat beechmast and acorns, strip bark from beeches and pines and devour the tender shoots of young sycamore. Rats are no less a menace in the wood than in the farm and factory.

All these creatures are abundant in Britain. Rabbits—each one eating a third as much food as a sheep—are costing the country roughly £7,000,000 every year. Grey squirrels have now penetrated throughout the South and Midlands and even into Wales and the North East. Nor is it easy to exaggerate the damage done by rats whose numbers in Britain are believed to equal the human population.

These creatures provide only some of the reasons why so many woods are producing little good timber. Other reasons are economic. The private forester who joins the Forestry Commission's "Dedication" scheme has found in recent years that a maintenance grant of 2s. 6d. per acre went little way towards meeting the rising costs of labour. Under this scheme, the landowner agrees to devote his woods to timber production in return for limited financial help from the State. Last September the Forestry Commission in their Annual Report were able to announce that only 10,000 acres had been brought into the scheme.

Meantime, too many smaller landowners are content to "cash in" on the timber famine while prices are high. I recently came upon a copse closely planted with young birch and walnuts that looked due for felling in four or five years time. But already the crop has been harvested. It has produced

Many Fine Old Trees That Brought Beauty To The English Landscape Are Disappearing Into The Timber Yards

By
Garth Christian

Larchwood being cut into lengths on the site at Blea Tarn, Langdale. The mountains in the background are the famous Langdale Pikes

(*On right*) Douglas Firs in the New Forest. It was from this area that the biggest home-grown flagstaff in Great Britain was taken, an eighty-eight-year old 108 feet long Douglas Fir

abundant firewood and pea sticks though little else.

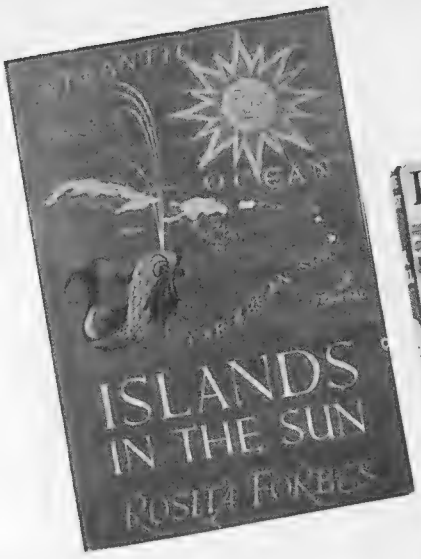
A mile away is another wood with standard oaks underplanted with walnut. The entire plot has been clear felled though the oaks are thin, immature specimens that needed another fifty summers before falling to the axe. These trees have been succeeded by fine crops of gorse, brambles, honeysuckle and bracken.

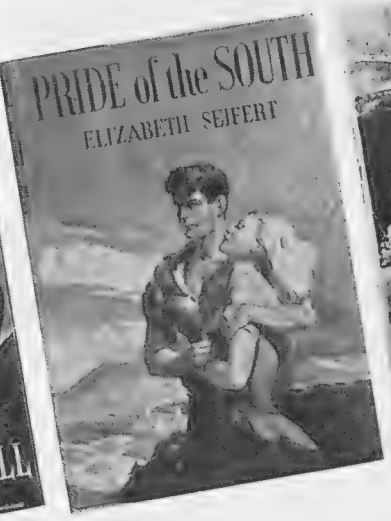
In the same district enormous quantities of hedgerow timber is falling. Not all of these trees are immature. Some are splendid oaks, beeches and ash that have seen centuries of growth. They are ripe for felling—though tree-lovers may mourn. But there is no virtue in old and decaying trees which are a danger to passers-by and harbourers of disease.

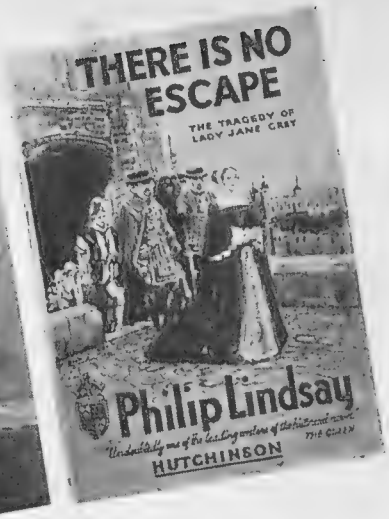
Yet the sentimental are not always wrong. Much of this wood seems likely to be the last crop to be cut from these sites. For nothing is planted in their place. In these days when the new machine farming brings shrinking hedgerows and expanding fields, too many of these fine old trees that brought beauty to the English landscape are disappearing into the timber yards.

Some farmers are glad. The surface roots of beech and ash take goodness from the soil while the trees sadly shade the growing corn. But they also provide useful shelter for stock and assist in the draining of the land. They promote the sponginess of the soil, too, and falling trees mean declining water tables. Floods and drought are almost non-existent in areas of the world where man has seldom penetrated. It is when men start exploiting the land as a means of making easy money that we get the twin evils of flood and drought.

IT is strange that more Local Authorities do not take advantage of Clause 28 of the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, which enables them to order the replanting of felled land. They also possess the power to order the preservation of trees that contribute much to the beauty of the landscape. Yet when the County (*Continued on page* 88)





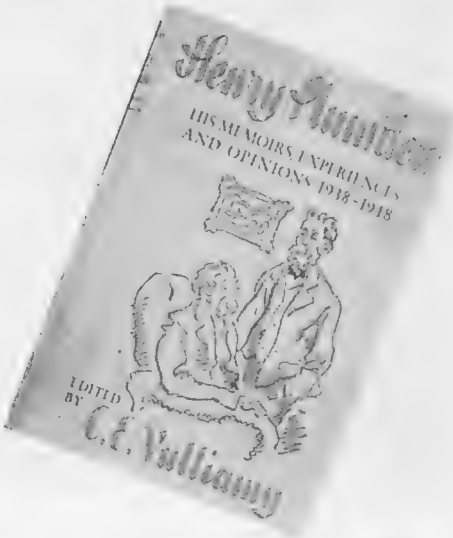


Books:

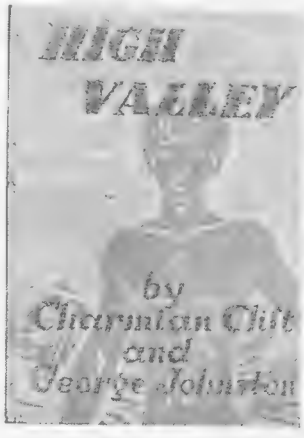
Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

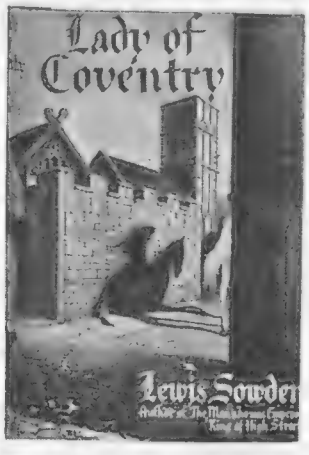
BROWNING never wrote "Oh, to be in the Caribbean, now that April's there!" The misquote is mine, after reading in Rosita Forbes's "**Islands in the Sun**" (Evans, 12s. 6d.): "Sea-murmur under palm trees, music imported from three continents, fruits of Ceres, fish and flowers unbelievable, are the background for a sturdy meritorious human growth." She tells of a night club in Nassau open to the sky, with a large tree growing out of the dance floor, and does not disdain to mention, a little later: "Within reach of the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Lunn makes excellent trousers." The coloured man who was asked "Would you like to earn a shilling holding my horse for a few minutes?" and replied "Naw, Sah—I've got a shilling," seems to sum up the native philosophy. This is an admirable introduction to the West Indies, from Butlin's Grand Bahama to Trinidad, because it mirrors economic conditions and the life of the people as well as pleasure haunts, and the photographs are perfect.

THOSE of us who enjoy diaries may have discovered that Pepys, Evelyn, Boswell, Woodforde, Haydon have no monopoly of the art. One of the best, in fact, was that kept for a few weeks in 1898 by Charles Russell, a foreman riveter working on building a Uganda railway. Scribbled on odd scraps of paper, it was found in his tin shanty. Another unusual diarist was Strother, a York draper's assistant. P. A. Spalding, following in the steps of Arthur Ponsonby, studies both sorts, famous and obscure, in "**Self-Harvest**" (Independent Press, 6s.), quoting gems like this entry of antiquary Ralph Thoresby: "Evening with brother at Garraway's coffee house: was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill its pipe of tobacco and smoke it (like) a man of three score after that a second and third pipe without the least concern. . . ."



THE latest in the noble line is "**Henry Plumdew**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) edited by C. E. Vulliamy, none the less entertaining because he is fictional. Old Henry has an elder brother and sister and a Welsh housekeeper, Magenta, who keep butting into his journal; he served in the Home Guard and Civil Defence, so his "Memoirs, Experiences and Opinions, 1938-1948" have an agreeable, nostalgic humour. When Mr. Vulliamy is in satirical mood he creeps behind a mythical Prodwit or Plumdew so that no one can hit back. . . .



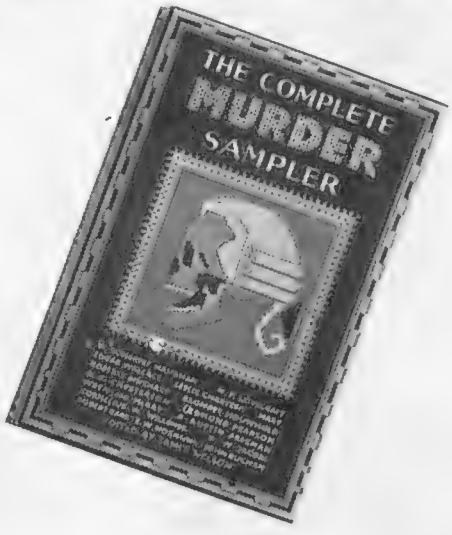


MR. CARDUS confesses that G. L. Lewes's *Biographical History of Philosophy* opened a new world to him in his youth. E. W. F. Tomlin's (*Continued on page* 88)

BACK AT THE WICKET

IF we thought Neville Cardus would stop at one Autobiography we were mistaken. In "**Second Innings**" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) he reverts to boyhood Manchester: the theatre (selling chocolates and seeing Robey as Panto Dame); the Hallé Concerts; reading "bloods" and discovering Dickens; and, of course, cricket at Old Trafford as prelude to Lord's, with tales of famous batsmen and bowlers and Press colleagues—a slow left-arm spinner, for example, who told his captain just before the beginning of a match that he couldn't play: "Me finger, just bust it, Skipper." Mr. Cardus, standing by, detected a slight discoloration of a left hand forefinger nail. "But, Joe," he said, "you're supposed to be a slow spin bowler—not Kreisler."

He evokes scenes and personalities in a lucid, graceful prose which makes reading as pleasurable as sipping a good wine. Manchester folk are lucky to have the Cardus memoirs, the Howard Spring novels, as souvenirs of days unforgettable but already almost legendary.



Home Truth

AS Henry explained to us the other day, it is no good looking for a place to live—the thing is to let it come and look for you. "It 's the old law of pursuer and pursued," he said. "Pretend you 're not interested and they 'll come and eat out of your hand."

Martha and I were impressed: "This sounds better than walking round looking for dirty windows and trying to summon up enough courage to ask if they 're unoccupied," we said.

"You might call it Existo-Individualism," Henry went on, a note of suppressed triumph creeping into his voice, "and it helps a lot if you concentrate on the sort of place you want and project the image into the ether where it will act as a kind of decoy—particularly if you include a picture of yourself polishing the banisters."

"Why banisters?" Martha asked.

"That 's just like a woman," said Henry irritably, "always drivelling on about inessentials."

"And what happens if the owners object to their house's choice of tenant?" I asked warily. "After all——"

"Oh, they can't," he replied cheerfully, "You see, once a house has really taken a fancy to you it impinges on your consciousness, and what 's more, it impinges on *their* consciousness, so there will be an inevitable gravitation of individual and collective identity."

That was enough. We started ignoring at once—hard.

At first we suffered from what the French so foolishly call an embarrassment of riches. We couldn't agree whether to turn up our noses at something large and ornate or something smaller but more recherché. Eventually Martha won and we decided to ignore a quaint little house in one of those charming backwaters—with a dear little garden with a statue in front and a lazy sort of lawn behind. It had a yellow front door with a black knocker and a bathroom with a sunken bath—and it wasn't more than one minute from the bus stop. Martha particularly ignored the sunken bath. She has always wanted one.

Then we sat back and awaited results. I calculated that the projected, predetermined image ought to materialise a predestined domicile in about an hour and a quarter. But as nothing unusual happened we went out to see how the land lay.

We passed several appropriate houses, but they ignored us more utterly than we had ignored them; although they could clearly see us coming, not one of them flickered a shutter. Even when Martha assumed an expression of haughty indifference and I favoured them with a contemptuous twirl of my stick, they remained unmoved.

We were just about to give it all up and take to window-watching again, when quite by chance I saw Henry coming in the opposite direction.

"Fat lot of good that idea of yours!" I snarled. "Fat lot!"

He looked at me in a commiserating way. "The fact is," he said, "places with yellow front doors, sunken baths, and all that clobber just don't like you—you 're not their style. Let 's face it."

"What d'you suppose they don't like about him?" Martha said. "Is it his tie (*Continued on page* 61)

LIGHT

A decorative feature of this alcove is the illuminated picture-frame, fitted with fluorescent lamps inside and tubular filament lamps above and below. With separate control of all lamps it is possible to use the feature as a three-dimensional picture or, with the light above the frame only, for soft indirect lighting.

"PAINTING with light" is a term which expresses the uses of decorative lighting to perfection. We think of domestic lighting primarily as something to see by—as illumination rather than as colour. But, in fact, the paintbrush is hardly less effective than the lighting bulb or strip in bringing that virility to a scheme of decoration for which we mostly look to paint and fabrics. The difference, and an advantage of painting with light is that the colour it introduces takes over at a time when the loss of daylight dims the effect of other colour.

A corner, a recess, a charming window treatment, a collection of china or glass, an effective table decoration, either one can become an arresting feature of a room when lighting is used to enhance and frame it. Concealed lighting, which is most suitable for these effects, calls sometimes for certain minor structural alterations, and it is for this reason that it is less often seen in the average home. But such adjustments often amount to little more than simple carpentry, and when spring redecorating is on the programme the extra cost need not be formidable.

The treatments photographed here from an exhibition in London are each in their way typical of the measures which can be used in an average home. Some are more ambitious than others, but all were designed for practical use in small houses. The aim of the exhibition, which is a permanent one, is to promote understanding of the wider uses of lighting, and information on specific problems of decorative lighting for the home is freely offered to the public.

Lighting is the new medium of colour and beauty in furnishing. We have made only a limited use of it as yet in our homes, but as improvements become more possible it promises to fill a rôle as important in the domestic décor as furniture and its other accessory decorations.

A hearth of glass bricks lit from below by red and amber lamps, concealed lighting behind the heating elements and clear tubular lighting of a wall motif combine to make this fireplace a real focal-point.

This pedestal is lighted by a 60-watt filament lamp below a frosted glass panel, and the cabinet has two filament lamps below the opal glass bottom panel and natural fluorescent lamps on either side.

RELIEF

in the home is carried beyond the primary purpose of seeing to include another kind of appeal to the eye.

A glass or china cupboard lit by a 3-ft. fluorescent lamp beneath opal glass in the base, illuminates the alcove below simultaneously. The treatment could be applied to either a working surface or a service hatch. The glass bricks admit natural daylight.

General lighting of this kitchen is provided by a 4-ft. fluorescent ceiling light, while the cooker is served with a pull-switch-operated wall fitment. The false windows lit by daylight fluorescent lamps is a suggested treatment for basement kitchens.

A simple yet decorative set-piece that could be used as a table centre or an alcove treatment. A 40-watt filament lamp is placed inside a shallow wooden glass-topped box lined with asbestos.

Both daylight and warm, fluorescent strip-lighting worked on separate switchings are used to illuminate a make-up mirror, so that it is possible to see how make-up colours change under different conditions.

STRIP-LIGHTING

STRIP-LIGHTING is the name applied to all forms of tubular lamps used for decorative lighting purposes and should not be confused with fluorescent lamps used for general lighting purposes.

There are two forms of strip-lighting—filament and fluorescent. The first is cheaper to buy, the second has a higher initial cost, but as a much lower wattage is necessary, it is much less expensive to run.

In most cases the methods are interchangeable, but where there is very little space for ventilation, such as under curtain pelmets or in enclosed cupboards, fluorescent lamps are more suitable because they burn at a considerably lower temperature.

The cost, of course, depends entirely on the type of lamp used, but as in most cases strip-lighting, either fluorescent or filament, can be done with bare lamps alone, without the expense of any fittings, it can generally be said to be fairly low.

SHORT STORY

1

THE short cut seems here to stay. Hats for spring and summer are small and flat like cakes, or head-hugging like helmets, all of which suggests that the cropped head is established for some time ahead.

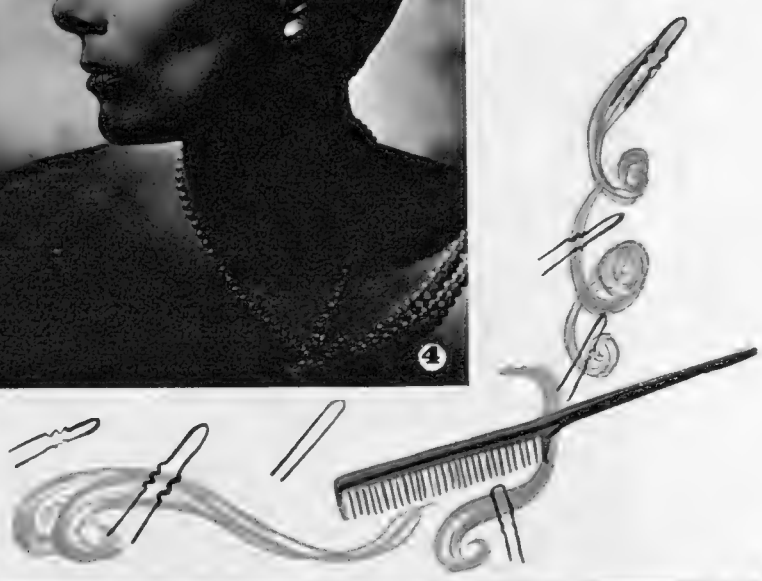
As all fashions do, it has modified itself a little from the first excessive pruning of the long tresses. Our pictures are expressive of the many variations on the short story.

If women have been hesitant in taking up this new fashion it is perhaps because of a fear that a style so revealing of neck and head and features is a little hard. So it is, to older faces, but most young ones are flattered by a close crop. The fact is that the short cut, like any other, must be carefully adapted to individual features. It is more important than ever that it should be skilfully shaped and tapered to avoid the unbecoming ends associated with the shingle of unhappy memory.

When features are shapely and young, an uncurled cap cut will suit—and what a joy it is to keep. If the brow is higher than average or the face long, a thin, straight fringe, like either of the two photographs on the right at the top, or a one-sided fringe as on the right, will adjust the balance.

2

The short cut is pretty to look at and superbly easy to wear when it is well done. Some of the most successful cuts dispense with perming, but, again, the skill of the cutter is everything.



1. Shaping the head like a shingle, but softly and without bristling ends, this cap cut has a chin, uncurled fringe.

2. Elizabeth Arden created this short style which is as right with informal clothes as it is elegant with an evening gown.

3. Steiner, who created it, calls this the "flapper look." A forehead wave curves on to the brow and short half-curls give a soft neckline.

4. The Medallion cut is so called for its likeness to the heads carved on coins and medals. French of London designed it to follow the contours of the head with a careless fringe softening the front.

5. Strictly for the young oval face with delicate features, sleek, uncurled, tapered to the neck, revealing to a serene brow.

6. Dressed close to the head on one side only. The other is tiered with high souffle curls. This cut by Steiner is reminiscent of the 1920 style.

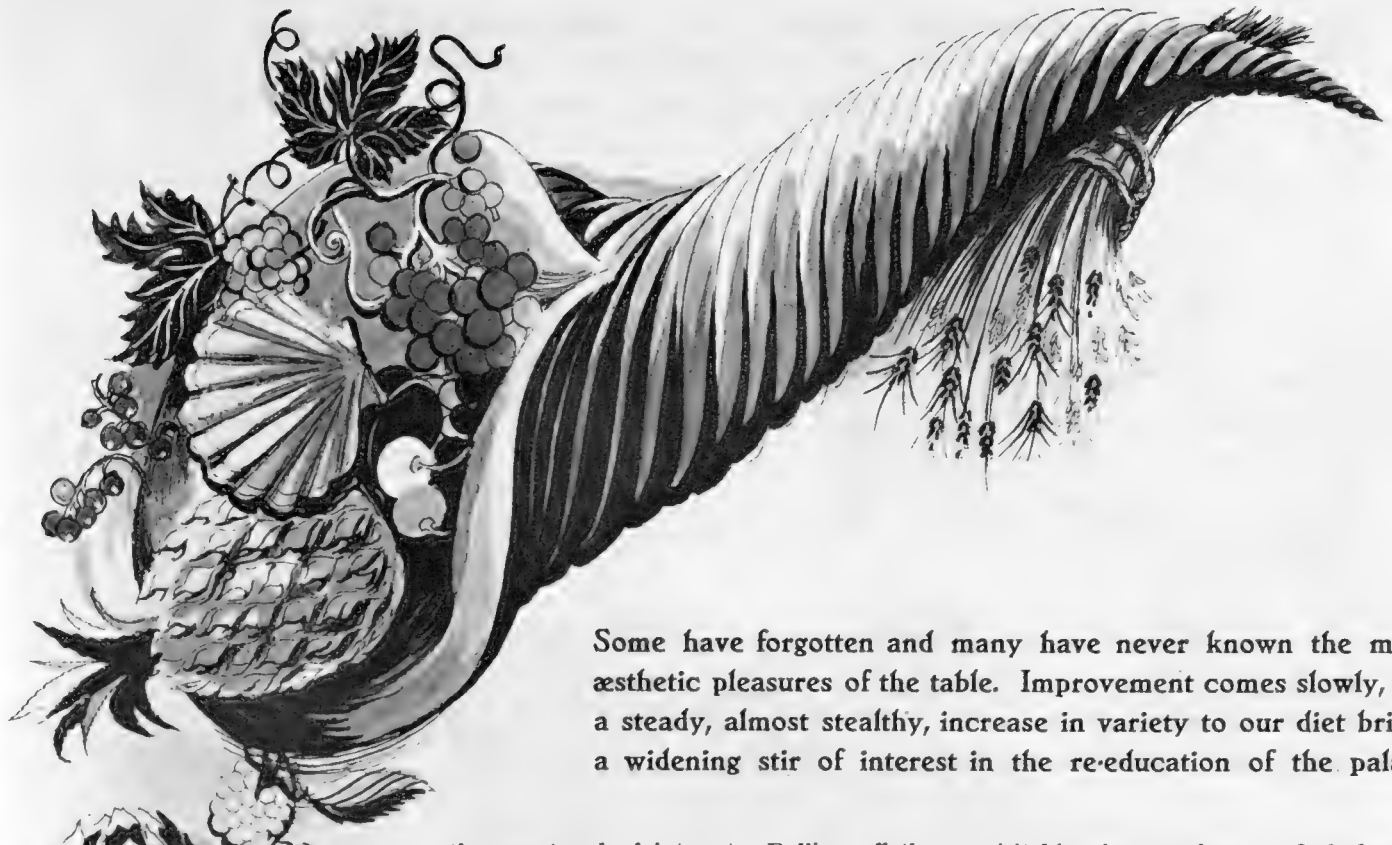
Table Talk

OCCASIONALLY a newly-published book makes a splash by virtue of its literary merit; for the piquancy of its subject matter, or for any of the reasons that books attract the notice of the reading public. But it is seldom that a book published without much splashing of the literary pool can be called the harbinger of a New Era. Yet this has happened recently and the book is about cookery.

If you have never before heard of *Fannie Farmer's Boston Cook Book*, it would be for two reasons: Fannie Farmer was the Mrs. Beeton of America and the recipes with which she has beguiled the American palate since 1896 would have been more than somewhat unrealistic in this country during the past eleven years. But here is the point: her 900-paged tome has now been published in Britain, "*take six eggs and a half-cup of heavy cream*" notwithstanding, and if that isn't the beginning of a New Era, what is?

Quietly, so quietly that we are scarcely fully aware of it, the variety of food coming to British tables is increasing. Continued rationing of staple foods apart, there is material now sufficient in variety to give the imaginative cook a break. But—and here 's the rub—a great section of the adult public have a limited experience of handling food other than in the austerity manner. Many are too young to recall the days of plenty. Millions more have lost the æsthetic approach. For all of these there is a new world of culinary interest to explore. It is early days yet, very early, to talk of plenty, but not too early to turn away from the austerity attitude and to cultivate an interest in that æsthetic world of pleasure, the world of Good Food.

The publishers' lists, those sure barometers of supply and demand, indicate



Some have forgotten and many have never known the more æsthetic pleasures of the table. Improvement comes slowly, but a steady, almost stealthy, increase in variety to our diet brings a widening stir of interest in the re-education of the palate.

the new trend of interest. Rolling off the presses in 1950 are cook books in plenty. Not the drab and dreary, though no doubt vitally useful, publications of the war and early post-war days telling how to "make do" with dried eggs; to create mock goose with apples and a ration of corned beef; but more ample publications, rejoicing in frostings and fillings, fruit and milk, eggs and relishes often with unremembered luxuries—still to return—and never stinting the wine where it can improve the pot.

This growing urge to shake free of austerities is no less apparent in the realm of wine. There is new hope for the host and hostess who plan a little dinner-party now and then. The creation of a modest cellar in the home is again a practical possibility and, once more, the current publishers' lists give a guide to what is happening.

In his original and highly practical little book, *Choose Your Wine* (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), Mr. T. A. Layton actually suggests that the time has come when the average home can build up a selection of wines which will benefit by laying down.

We are not all followers of the late Professor Saintsbury, who regaled us with fanciful tales of wines drunk in years gone by. Nostalgic preambles of this sort are of little interest to those who have a limited experience of wine and how to serve it. We have no wish to hear that a Clos de Vougeot of 1929 had the elegance of a Beethoven Symphony and outpourings in the same vein. Far more to the point is the assurance that in creating a cellar, a cupboard under the stairs, the top of the wardrobe or a spare and spacious drawer in the extra bedroom are all adequate enough if the accommodation is airy, cool and dark, the temperature steady and there is no vibration from traffic. It remains for the *bon viveur* to visit his wine merchant to find clarets and burgundies in abundance from the good and great vintage years of 1943, '45 and '47. Prices are still encouraging to limited incomes, despite devaluation. Even now there is good, palatable wine to be had for 8s. 6d. a bottle. Some of these will be much improved for laying down for anything up to five years, and what six months on its side will do to an inexpensive Bordeaux can be a surprise indeed.

Well in the forefront in the matter of information about better eating and drinking is the erudite André Simon, of the Food and Wine Society, who adds vastly to the world's sum total of knowledge on his special subjects. Monsieur Simon is publishing a series of inexpensive and practical little handbooks on wine that should be very helpful to the untutored. So let education continue!

Buying a Foundation Garment is not a thing to be casual about. The Trimness of Your Figure and the Comfort of many days to come depend upon Your Selectivity

FEW women are so elegantly streamlined that they can rise above some sort of foundation garment. The appearance of clothes, comfort with control, are all dependent upon that embracing undergarment which should fit like a second skin. Yet how many of us select it with a real understanding of what it takes to make a girdle do its job well?

Constriction and control are very different things. Whether you are among the heavyweights or simply need something to hang your suspenders on, a foundation should be a thing to fit and forget.

Elastic, which rang the death-knell of the iron-cage corset, is a blessing beyond praise, but it has introduced some confusion of thought into the selection of foundations. One is tempted to think of an elastic garment as something which will stretch to fit the figure. So it does; but don't buy a girdle roughly to size and leave the garment to adapt itself to physical idiosyncrasies. Far too many do. Stretch should be in the right *direction* and at the right *places*. For instance, an all-over two-way stretch can be a disadvantage by stretching too much. The ideal is a horizontal stretch for the sides and a vertical stretch for the back.

Good foundations are scientifically designed to cope with all types of figures. Special garments are made for the woman with wide hips and a narrow waist; for bulging diaphragms or heavy waistlines. Garments so designed are not the most inexpensive, but they *are* a good investment. They wear longer because in fitting perfectly they avoid the heaviest strain.

Length is a vital feature when choosing a foundation. It should cover the hips comfortably and be long enough to sit *into*. If you find yourself sitting uncomfortably on the ridge of your belt, it is too short.

HAPPILY the heaviness of the material is no longer an indication of control. The strength of the *elastic* is the controlling factor. So, whatever your weight, you can enjoy a lacy, lightweight garment so long as the elastic is of good quality and the foundation built to fit your type of figure.

Bones are largely a thing of the past, but where they are still used (for better abdomen control, for instance) they are light and flexible. One well-known maker has introduced the principle of front boning which stops short of the top of the garment. The advantage of this is that the bones do not dig through the material into the diaphragm. Top stiffening is provided by a trubenised band which gives necessary support to the top with perfect flexibility.

It used to be thought that where there was surplus flesh, pinching and constriction was the way to control it. Fortunately, all that is over. More often than not, the old-type corset merely pushed rolls of flesh from one place to another. This can still happen unless the garment is moulded to the figure with "stretch," following every movement of the body.

MAKE a ceremony of fitting your new foundation. It 's not a thing to be casual about. Manufacturers take endless trouble to-day to make garments that really control, but fitting a girdle is a very individual matter and the best-laid schemes of the designer go astray unless you—the customer—will give that little extra attention to selecting the garment which he has devised for such figures as your own. If you have any difficulty about finding the kind of foundation which you can fit and forget, write to us. Perhaps we can help.

All good stores have experts available to advise about the best sort of foundation garment for specific figure faults. Moreover, they will help to fit you comfortably and well. If you aim to spend your money wisely, seek this advice and spend a little time on the important initial ceremony of fitting so that you can afterwards forget.

Seen In Passing

If you would like to know where any item of gardening equipment mentioned here might be bought, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to the Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

AT this most flower conscious time of the year, when gardeners are out with hoe and trowel in hand, and flat dwellers are lamenting their gardenless state, we searched the stores for buys to match the bucolic spring mood.

The needs of the gardenless flat dweller came first. Cut flowers will bring the breath of spring to many who do not own gardens, and the early blooms, as well as the late summer prizes repay for imaginative arrangement. There is an excellent correspondence course in flower arrangement which costs only 3 guineas for those who yearn to have "a way with flowers." The course is in six lessons, with a separate test on each. Besides the general principles of colour and proportion in flower design, there are separate sections on table flower decoration and wall flower arrangement.

THE second idea for the gardenless is to start a miniature garden. These can, of course, be bought ready planted, but if you prefer the fun of planting a tiny plot in a baking dish or some similar container, there are a variety of charming miniature flowers to be found. Dwarf roses, for example, rarely seen during the past few years, are back again, although they are still rather expensive. Cupresses, those delicate miniature evergreens, however, make a charming alternative to dwarf roses for the centre piece of your garden, and cost only 3s. 6d.

THE final suggestion for the land hungry, is to install window boxes. There is a London firm which will undertake to furnish any type of window with suitable boxes, either metal or wood. Prices for installation will of course vary from case to case, but the basic charge for soil-filled wooden boxes ranges from 25s. for a box 2 ft. by 6 in. by 6 in., to 55s. for a large box 5 ft. by 8 in. by 8 in. If you want to be relieved of all planting responsibility the firm will contract to replenish the boxes every season with suitable plants, but many people will want to try planting experiments of their own. Outside the kitchen window, for instance, what could be more fragrantly appropriate than a herb box furnished with mint, parsley, sage, chives, thyme and marjoram, all of which will grow happily in this milieu.

For those not graced with green fingers, even for window box gardening, there are some ingenious stem vases costing only a shilling. These metal vases, sunk into the soil of the window box, will take cut flowers to supplement the show of colour in the box.

THERE are quite a number of new gardening gadgets for those who find the garden chores more hard work than pleasure. First is a 12-inch electric lawn mower powered from the house mains supply which reduces the drudgery of lawn mowing to a gentle amble. It is feather weight to operate, but robust enough to stand up to heavy use. Price £19 16s. 11d.

An electric spade for digging and weeding sounds like a gardener's dream, but it is a present day reality. Again the digging tool is worked off the house mains supply and for the owner of extensive vegetable and fruit plots it is an investment at 19 gns. It is ideally suited for digging in heavy soil and can be geared for hoeing and weeding, too.

A seed sower is a useful implement for both large scale and small scale gardening and one which can be adjusted to suit different types of seeds and methods of sowing, costs only 2s. 3d. As it is in transparent plastic, the contents of the sower are always in view.

STAINLESS steel trowels and forks, the pride of an enthusiastic gardener, are again in small supply at 25s. the pair, and a worthy addition to the tool basket is the "Kut and Hold" scissors, for cutting flowers for the house as well as seasonal pruning. They are cleverly designed with a rubber grip on the blades so that a hold is retained on the flower after it has been cut. Price 7/9.

GARDEN furniture to-day ranges from the frankly luxurious to the ingenious. Deck-chairs there are in plenty, and to go with them, low slung coffee tables priced under a pound for coffee or cocktails on the terrace.

Larger metal garden tables range from £2 12s.9d. They are designed to support garden umbrellas and fold flat when not in use. Finally, an ingenious garden chair, equipped with a folding tray that does duty as a table or a book stand. Price 69s. 9d. each.

Paragon On

ONE of the many questions that seem to vex a lot of the women a lot of the time is what to do to get your man, how to hold on to him once you've got him and how to keep him thinking that all the other female characters in the play have fallen into the orchestra pit.

What do men want? Do they want you to be a cost-free cook housekeeper cum glamour girl on incidental occasions or is it the other way round—the can't boil an egg but dance divinely type?

Well, of course, the answer is that men don't know what they want. Why should they? It is very boring to know what one wants, it's much nicer to be surprised at first and then get used to it afterwards. Because, no matter what people may say, great objectives tend to become dull once they've been achieved. And if women don't know this, men certainly do which is one reason why so many of them prefer not to achieve anything.

And then it depends a lot on the man. They are not all the same—not exactly that is. Some men eat more than others.

But the very fact that women ask themselves this question, how to please men, illustrates one of the fundamental differences between the sexes (wicked word). Because men don't ask themselves this question about women, not usually, that is. They just tog themselves up reasonably well, put a little hair oil on their heads, polish their shoes now and then and more or less leave it at that. Men, in fact, don't ask themselves many questions at all—it's an entirely unmasculine habit. And if it wasn't for women putting ideas into their heads they'd jog comfortably on through life without any ideas there at all.

A WOMAN has to explain to a man what he wants and often she has to be very patient about it. That is to say, if she is the homely sort she has to get it into his mind that the always out and about girl is a very dull type really and the most exciting thing in life is to come home every evening and toast his toes by the fire. He'll soon be telling his friends that gadding about bores him stiff and it's time he settled down and took things more seriously. Yes, if you hear a man saying "the woman I marry has got to be this or has got to be that," it's ten to one some woman has got there before you and told him exactly what he wants her to be.

Speaking pretty generally, however, you can be sure of the following: you've got to be pretty, face, legs, figure, etc.—well, the woman who can't make a man see she *is* all of that is no woman. You've got to have what he calls charm which means agreeing with everything he says—that only needs self control. When you meet his friends they've all got

The Hearth

to be madly jealous that you're his and not theirs—easy. Then, naturally, you must have all the domestic side of it absolutely weighed off. But if he's the one man in about 93.7213 who is good at cooking or shopping think yourself lucky and don't discourage him on any account.

THEN there's money making—some men like to have career wives; some don't. It's up to you to decide. As we said before it is women who raise these questions, "shall I give up my career for yours, darling?" or, "we could do with the extra money, shall I take a nice little job somewhere, darling?" You asked it, you answer it. If you hadn't it would probably never have occurred to him to disturb the status quo (Latin for general muddle).

While you know exactly what shade of eye shadow to use and why, a man often can't tell whether he prefers blondes or brunettes. He'll say, "it's dark hair and flashing eyes for me!"—and forthwith scuttle off and marry a Nordic blonde with eyes like icebergs, just because she made up his mind for him.

So don't bother about him at all. Just be yourself and he'll love it. "But," you say, "how is it that some women are so much more successful with men than others?" Well, firstly because they've learnt and thoroughly understood all the foregoing. *They* don't deign to please men, they just please themselves. And men love a selfish woman, they flock round in droves giving her flowers and jewellery and stocks and shares and things just to help her feel more self-satisfied than ever. While all the women who *don't* understand this fundamental truth sit round biting their finger nails with rage and envy.

And secondly, and this is perhaps the most important thing of all, which is why it has been saved up till now, a man wants you to gaze up at him with that trusting, pathetic look which goes straight to the heart of his cheque book.

A COMBINATION of these two techniques is irresistible. The fact is, there are few men who won't get a bit bored with a woman who is everlastingly cooking and sewing. But then there are few women who don't get bored with it too. So don't be too much of a paragon—it makes a man feel inferior. Treat him badly now and then and give him a chance to feel sorry for himself which is a most delightful sensation. And next time you meet someone who's fancy free and asks you what you'd like to do one evening don't say, "whatever *you* like." Put on your party frock and say firmly (remembering to gaze trustfully into his eyes)—"take me, O Knight, to where we can dance until morning and dine off oysters, caviare and champagne." Who cares if it makes a monstrous hole in his bank balance—you will end by darning the monstrous holes in his socks.

Walter Hayley

Cable Classic

MATERIALS: 5 oz. Lister's Lavenda, 2-ply, in gold, shade No. 236; 1 pair each of No. 14, No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook, No. 15; 1 fine zip fastener 4 ins. long; 1 pair small shoulder pads.
MEASUREMENT: 36 to 38 ins. bust.
TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 in. and 9 rows to 1 in approx.

BACK

With No. 14 needles cast on 130 sts. Work in rib 3½ ins. (56 rows) as follows :

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end, k. last st.

2nd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, (k. into back of k. sts. to give a twisted effect); rep. from * to end, k. last st. End with twisted side facing. Inc. to 138 sts. in next row as follows : Inc. in the 9th st. and every following 16th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.st. (k. 1 row, p. 1 row), increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th row and every following 8th row until there are 152 sts. and 9 ins. (85 rows) or desired length. End p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows ; 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows ; 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows (124 sts.). Work until 29 rows from beg. of armhole. End p. row.

(*Continued on page* 61)

ABBREVIATIONS.—K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; inc. = increase (work into front and back) of same st. ; dec. = decrease (take 2 sts. together) ; st.st. = stocking stitch ; rep. = repeat ; patt. = pattern ; beg. = beginning ; w.fd. = wool forward ; ins. = inches.

Cable Cardigan

MATERIALS: 9 oz. "Golden Eagle" Polynit Crepe in gold, shade No. 966; knitting pins Nos. 10 and 13; 7 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder, 20 ins.; width all round at underarm, 36 ins.; sleeve seam, 20 ins.
TENSION: 7½ sts. to 1 in., measured over st.st., worked with No. 10 pins.
NOTE: When casting off, or decreasing, drop the st. at either side of the cable 12 sts., and let it run to the bottom. On the following row, pick up the thread formed by this dropped st. and count as one st.

THE BACK

Using No. 13 pins cast on 116 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 for 3½ ins. Change to No. 10 pins.

Next row.—(Right side of work) K. 4, * w.fd., k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, w.fd., k. 4 ; rep. from * 6 times (130 sts. on pin).

Note.—These two wool forwards form the sts. which are later dropped and allowed to run back, to give an open effect each side of the cable 12 sts.

Continue in patt. thus :

1st row.—(Wrong side of work) P. 4, * k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1, p. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—K. 4, * p. 1, sl. the next 3 sts. on to a spare pin and pass to back of work, k. 2, p. 1, replace 3 sts. from spare pin and p. 1, k. 2. Now sl. the next 3 sts. on to a spare pin and leave at front of work, k. 2, p. 1, replace 3 sts. from spare pin (*Continued on page* 61)

Something New For Easter

WOLSEY'S two-piece to travel in or to wear in Town, left, is in soft jersey. The dress has front pleats stitching on the bodice and a jacket edged with petersham. In colours, £8 15s. 1d. Another jersey dress by the same makers, right, in greymist, £5 1s. At the top, a bright and trimly tailored flowered linen dress for the larger woman. Linda Leigh model, sizes 44-48, £3 5s. 9d., and below, two inexpensive Blanes dresses that will go on through the summer. A navy-and-white linen weave rayon in diagonal checks £3 3s. 6d., and a grey-and-white striped rayon crêpe £2 12s. 6d.

Send a stamped envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street, London, for names of retailers in London.

What's Your Worry?

ALTHOUGH statistically we are healthier as a nation than ever before, the strain of the last few years seems to have enhanced the variety of those minor ailments which worry us all. It is only human to magnify a slight ache or pain into a serious complaint if you are feeling poorly and run-down, but to foster groundless worries about health is the first step towards becoming that most unhappy of all people, the hypochondriac.

Probably more unnecessary anxiety results from trying to diagnose one's own complaints, than from anything else. Have a medical dictionary in the home by all means, but consult it with discrimination. Trust it for facts such as the incubation period for measles or chicken pox, but don't use it for diagnosis, or your fears will lead you hopelessly astray. If for instance you have occasional dizziness after effort, headaches and a tight, painful feeling around the heart, don't look up heart and manufacture a valvular disease for yourself. It is a hundred to one that the trouble is no more serious than dyspepsia. Vague fears about cancer or tuberculosis or some other form of fatal disease can never be settled by a consultation with the medical dictionary. Diagnosis can rest only on extensive pathological and clinical examination which must be left to the specialists.

The heart, perhaps, is the most maligned organ of all and a "weak" heart is the favourite of the minor hypochondriac. For the peace of mind of those who have heart worries, let me say that the heart, far from being the delicate organ it is often supposed to be, is in reality one of the toughest and most resilient muscles of the body, and heart troubles prove fatal far less often than is popularly supposed.

DUODENAL ulcers are the pet "bogey" of the hypochondriac, but self-suspected victims will be reassured to know that a relatively small proportion of suspects are actually found to have this distressing complaint. There is no doubt that here the mental state is an important factor, but this is an argument for worrying less and not more about it.

Bring common sense to bear upon your health problems. Remember that overwork leads to loss of weight, too little sleep leads to devitalization and loss of appetite, and oversmoking a sinister sounding cough. If we are tranquil in mind and take sensible precautions about health, our chances of a long life are improved by the conviction that we shall have one.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

HAVE you ever had a facial? Perhaps not. It is a luxury which busy women so often keep "on ice." A thing to do when there is time; when a little splash seems justified, because after all, we argue, what does it do that can't be done at home with a little care and the routine preparations?

Well, what does it do. Is it worth the time and cost to go to a beauty salon?

I'd say it is. A treatment given by a professional does accomplish something. Something important. An occasional treatment is like a holiday for the skin. It enables one to keep going in between with home treatment. The professional beautician is highly skilled. She can spot the particular troubles of an individual skin and advise about regular home treatment as well as the preparations and cosmetics which are best for you.

What happens when you have a facial?

First you are relaxed in your comfortable reclining chair and the operator begins to cleanse the skin. A deep cleansing is something that every type of skin needs from time to time. Dirt and impurities which seep down into the pores are responsible for loss of colour, for that sallow, even blotchy look which so often meets us in the mirror. Professional fingers, kneading and bringing the circulation to the surface of the skin, can expel these deep-seated impurities like nothing else. Even without the stimulating massage which follows, you find your skin already looking two or three shades lighter.

Ever Had a Facial?

For a comprehensive beauty treatment the client is first tucked in comfortably with blankets, her make-up removed and her skin deep-cleansed (1). *Then comes half an hour's facial massage* (2) *followed by a face pack. After fifteen minutes' relaxation, the mask is removed and* (3) *she is given a new make-up keyed to the clothes she is wearing—perhaps for a special luncheon or dinner date afterwards. Manicure follows with harmonizing nail varnish* (4) *a final hand massage* (5) *sends her off impeccably groomed for a special date. Photographed in the Gala Blue Room.*

FOLLOWING the cleansing comes massage. This may last for twenty minutes or more and is designed to stimulate and feed the vital muscles which support beauty's contours. The dry, parched skin is fed and lubricated: the greasy skin is stimulated so that a new, tonic flow of blood to the tiny surface veins combats the congestion which causes an excess of grease.

Now comes an astringent pack. A hard-drying mask is spread over the skin to brace the pores which have grown flabby and relaxed under the massage. The action of the mask removes those tiny superficial flakes of surface skin which conceal the young skin below. At the same time, eye pads go on to the eyes to sooth tired eyes and most important, probably, of all, you are left to relax utterly by yourself, even perhaps to sleep. Fifteen minutes of this and the mask and eye pads are removed leaving your skin glowing.

NOW, the cost of it all. London salons charge between 1 guinea and 25s. although the comprehensive treatment, parts of which we have illustrated here, costs only 15s.

This may sound high, but a facial need not be a weekly assignment. Two or three times a year, a professional treatment will underwrite those which you can give yourself at home.

A hand treatment will cost from 15s. to 5s. for the manicure and hand massage which we have illustrated here. Allow half a crown tip each to the manicurist and the masseuse and your financial obligations should be complete.

At Your Finger-Tips

Many women who find it difficult to apply nail colour with a professional finish are probably not tackling the job correctly.

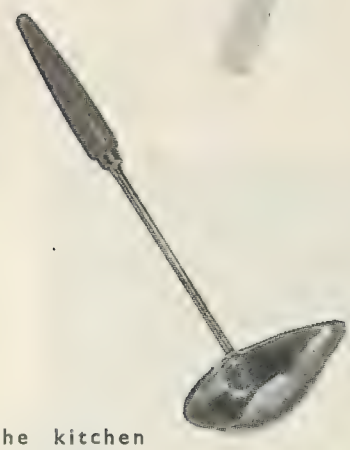
Before applying nail colour, see that the nails are free from grease. Use long straight strokes of the brush from the half-moon to the free edge, covering the nail with as few strokes as possible and resisting the temptation to go back and retouch. Allow plenty of time for the varnish to harden as well as dry. The hardening process which takes anything up to half and hour will be hastened if the finger tips are put under the cold water tap when the varnish is dry.

For the inveterate smudger, there is a neat little finger palette which steadies the hand while applying varnish to the nails. It looks, appropriately enough, rather like a miniature artist's palette and will prove invaluable for the "other" hand.

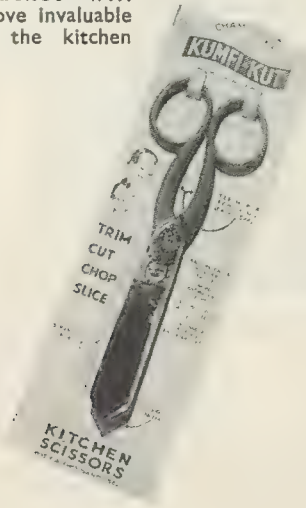
Tools For The Job

Of all professions, housewifery is the most liable to crisis but the right tool for the job is often the solution

The bottle boy, opposite, the rubber flanged plate scraper, above, and the utility knife, right, and ladle, below, serve specific and multiple purposes around the house



The kitchen scissors below, on their own wall hanging bracket will prove invaluable in the kitchen



THE primary household tool is a pair of scissors. How these are abused and mislaid! What is the use of surgical scissors in the string box or the cutting-out pair in the garden? Scissors should be strictly organized, keeping a suitable pair for each job.

It is a good idea to tie a pair to the string box because cutting string is the ruin of the more refined ones. Surgical scissors have blunt ends and often separate in the middle to facilitate sterlization. Kitchen scissors can now be bought suitable for all culinary purposes from topping and tailing currants to jointing meat. These scissors should have their own hook in the kitchen and should be cherished for kitchen use alone.

To most housewives kitchen utensils are of first importance so a few suggestions on the right tools for various jobs may be helpful.

The kitchen equipment drawer should include a comprehensive set of knives including—a very sharp carver, a small knife with a pointed end for paring potatoes, a stainless one with serrated edge for cutting tomatoes and fruit, another stainless one for peeling fruit; a broad, blunt very flexible type of palette knife known as an omelette knife, and a good bread knife. In addition to these, keep one very old knife, worn thin and sharp with much cleaning on a knife board. This flexible knife is invaluable for removing cake or pudding mixture from a bowl and leaving it clean.

There should be a set of four wooden spoons of various sizes; the largest one should be kept for jam making, the smaller ones for mixing and stirring. Also you will need a spoon with holes in it for straining and draining.

KEEP skewers handy. These are useful for curls of bacon, for twisting strips of pastry round to get a corkscrew effect and for testing whether cakes are done.

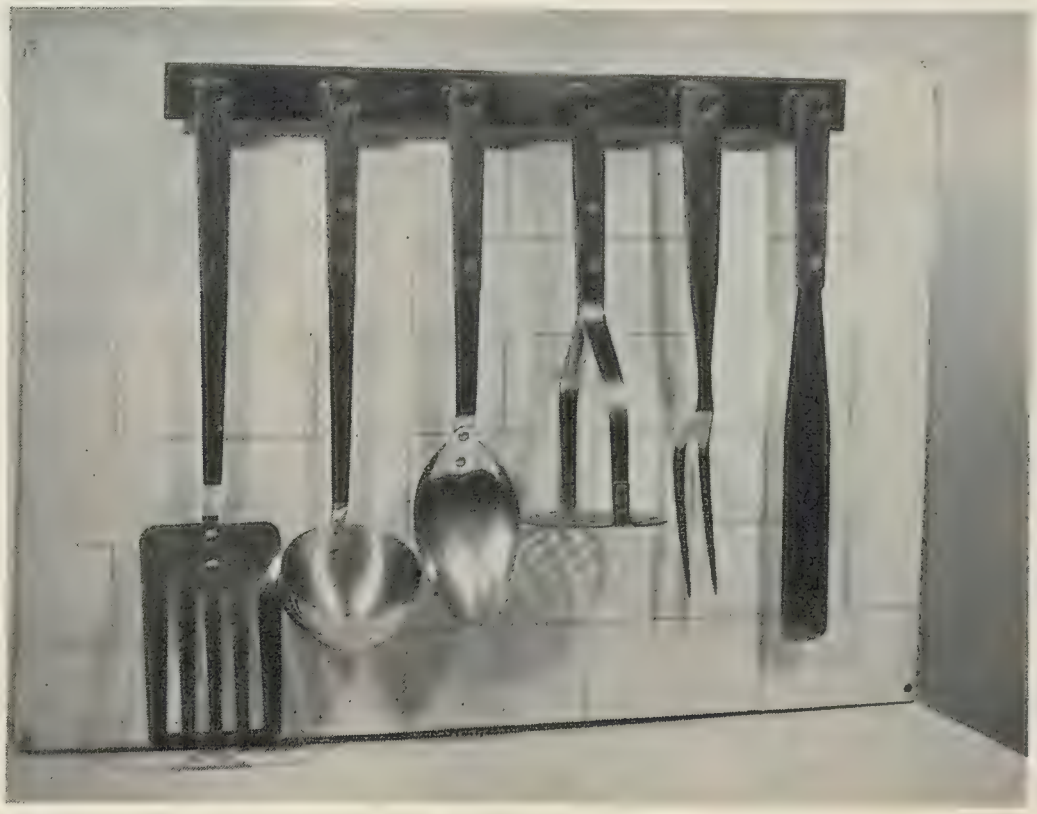
Pans worthy of special mention are the double saucepan for foods which burn easily, e.g. porridge, custard, sauces, lemon curd, etc.; the omelette pan which has curved sides to facilitate turning the omelette; the fish kettle, with perforated false bottom, for boiling fish although they have not been in the shops lately.

After draining vegetables in a colander press out all remaining water with a vegetable presser.

A fork or wire egg whisk generally is considered better than one with a handle to turn.

In addition to a reliable pair of scales, one cup should be set aside for measuring while a set of measuring spoons also will be found useful.

In the matter of minor repairs the most usual casualty in a modern house is a broken fuse. The worst aspect of this crisis is in not having the materials to do a repair. So be sure you keep a card with assorted fuse wire, together with a tiny screwdriver at hand by the fuse box.



A convenient, yet attractive method of storing small kitchen equipment is the wall rack. This Prestige fitment is made in stainless steel, but a less expensive model is available for 13s. 6d., the set complete

Blush Rose

Elizabeth Arden's own flashing, dashing, wonderful pink! Keyed to the colours of Spring

Blush Rose . . . an out and out flatterer . . . unexpected . . . clear as the first robin's trill. A wonderful make-up shade, dashing on blondes . . . gentle on the dark haired beauties. And delicately glowing against the quiet neutral tones, or the cool pale colours of this spring's fashions. Wear it to-day . . . the velvet softness of a rose petal garnered for your beauty.

Blush Rose in lipsticks . . . Enamel 11/9, *Gilt Automatic* 24/3, *Ringed* 15/–, *Blush Rose Cream Rouge* 9/3 . . . *Carino Compact Rouge* 14/3, *Refill* 4/3. *As a foundation, Light Rosetta Pat-a-Creme* 9/3.

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 PARIS

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Divinely comfortable sandals with the new soft ***cushion*** platform wedge to put spring in your step and fashion on your feet.

'Lana' . . . . the new **exclusive** sandal favoured by J. Arthur Rank film stars. It's beautifully soft, original in design and in the new Spring fashion colours in two styles—

'Open' back 44/-

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'Santa Cruz' for joy underfoot . . . the 'Californian' with the fashionable **shaped** wedge! In all the lovely spring colours 39/11

At Dolcis Shoe Stores or by post from Mail Order Department,

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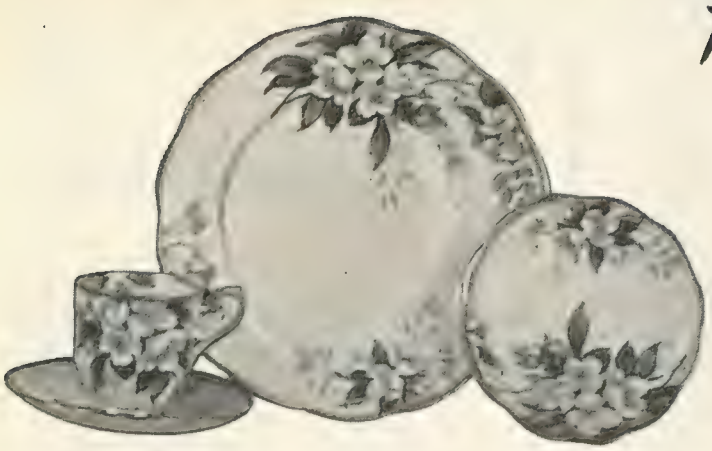
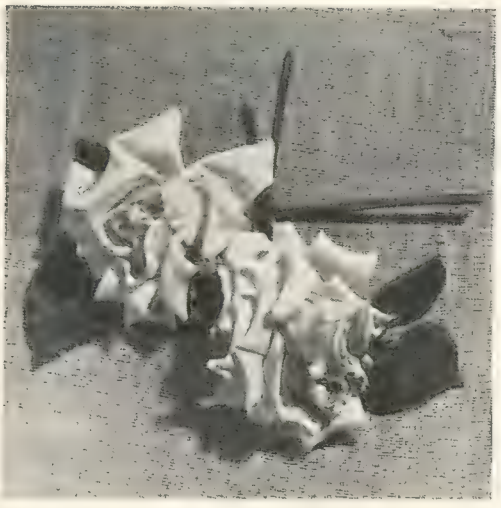
Fancy Turns

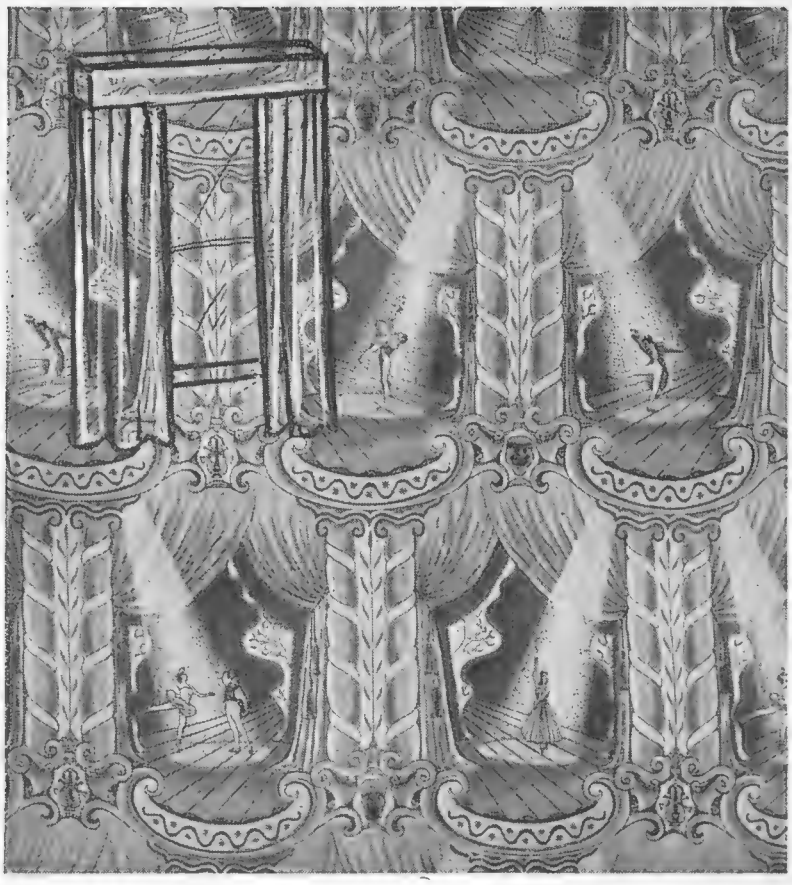


There is a lilt in the air, an urge to buy something new, to pretty up and put on an air of gaiety. Fancy turns towards something new to wear, something colourful for the home—and why not? Spring need not unleash a spending spree. The little touches are important. A flower in the coat, a lick of paint on the kitchen, a crisp new blouse for a freshly cleaned suit. Things like these will put your feet upon the paths of spring. The shops grow more and more prolific in pretty things. Here are just a few, but they typify the direction in which fancy turns in spring.

Decorated china, as exquisite as the almond blossom pieces above, can be found from time to time among export reject stocks. The iron ring (left) is a charming variation of the flower wall bracket arranged with roses and spring flowers. The ring, arranged with real flowers to match any furnishing décor, will be delivered anywhere in London, while for out of town homelovers, there is a variant with artificial flowers



Fashion works out the spring mood with colourful accessories; a rose tucked casually into a belt, or pinned at the throat; soft suede gloves in pastel shades of prune, lilac or tangerine; a long umbrella, in checked silk with a lizard handle; or pretty shoes for a spring outfit in mist-brown suede



The popularity of the ballet finds expression in a new and very gay fabric which is made in linen or glazed chintz in a variety of shades. A Turnbull and Stockdale fabric, 50 in. wide, about 27s. yard

Curtains

A CURTAIN is a straight piece of material, so why should it be difficult to dress up a window with that slick well-tailored look which characterizes the professionally made job?

Here are some of the reasons. They may be worth noting if you are running up some new curtains this spring.

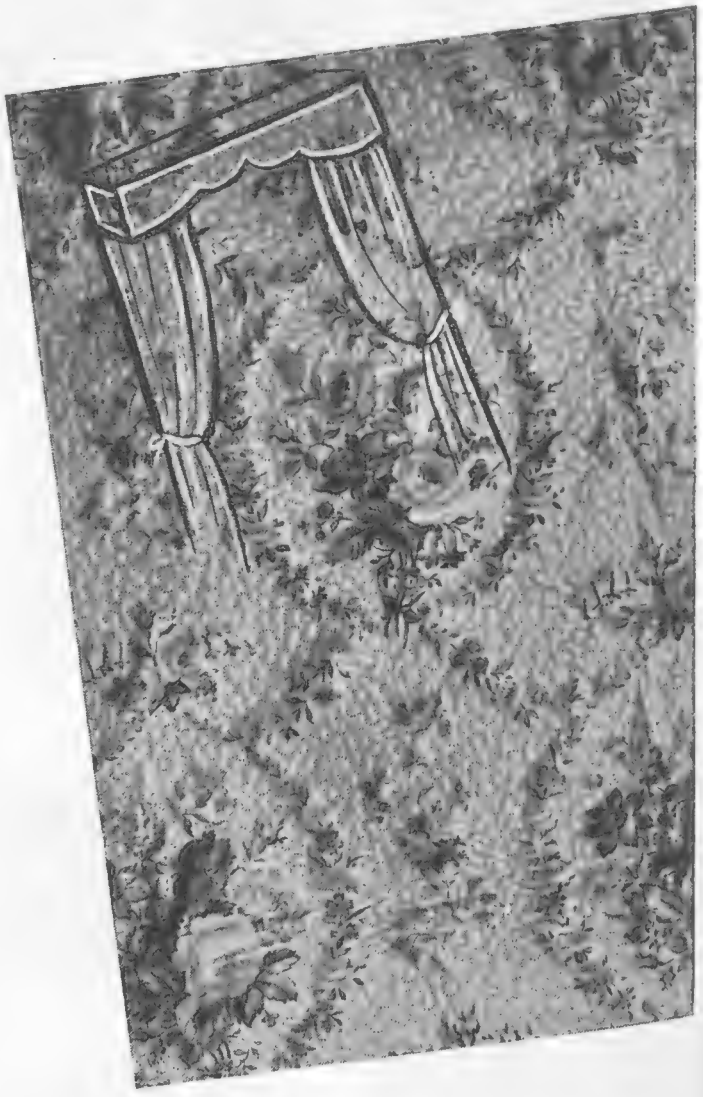
Don't be deceived. Curtain making is not as simple as it looks. Exact measurements are all important. Hang is vital. Careful finishing gives that tailored look which the amateur job so often lacks.

Measure the windows exactly. Check and recheck measurements before cutting the material. Make ample allowances over the measured length and width of the window frame to allow for joins, side turnings and top and bottom hems. All these should be ample. Skimping is fatal.

For graceful hanging fullness when the curtains are drawn across the windows allow half as much again, plus turnings, as the measurement of each pane to be covered.

ALL curtains are improved by lining. They look better, hang better and last longer, but getting the lining fixed is one of the trickiest parts of the operation.

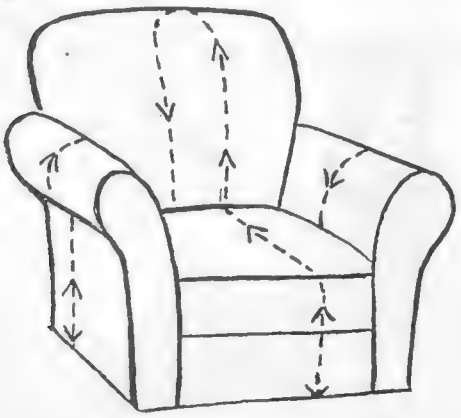
Linings should be cut a half-inch smaller all around than the curtain. Lay the curtain on the floor and the lining on top of it. With light, invisible stitches, tack down the exact centre of the lining and the curtain. When turning in the side edges, turn in the lining edge a little farther than the edge of the curtain. Snip selvedge edges here and there as these some-



Loose Covers

MAKING loose chair covers is no easy job for the amateur but where there is an existing worn cover to act as a cutting guide, it is not an impossible task. Unpick the seams carefully, press out and lay the old cover flat on the new fabric to act as a pattern.

It is always most satisfactory to use fabric of a width suitable to the chair to be covered, thus avoiding unnecessary seams or wastage. The chair should be measured as indicated in the diagram. Add together the measurements from floor to top of back, from top of back to seat, from back of seat to floor front, from side seat over the arm to floor (twice), plus 18 in. for tuck-in. The total measurement will give the yardage required. Add an extra yard if the piping is to be of the same material and an extra half yard for matching if the fabric is patterned. This does not, of course, allow for loose cushions which must be calculated separately.



Pin the pieces together on the wrong side, turn the right way out and fit on to the chair before seaming, so that any adjustment where necessary can be made. The cover should fit easily at this stage to allow for shrinkage. One seam at the back should be left open for the insertion of a press fastener tape.

Going Up

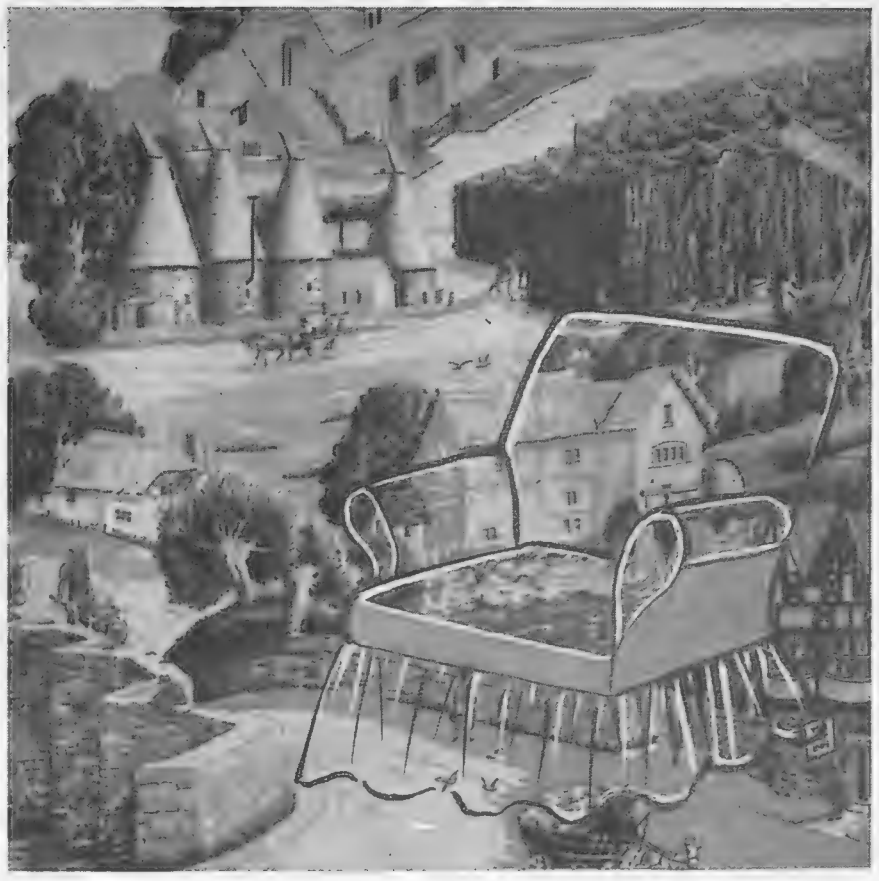
times cause straining. It is better to slipstitch curtain edges by hand. Machining sometimes strains the edges. Hand stitching in this case has more "give."

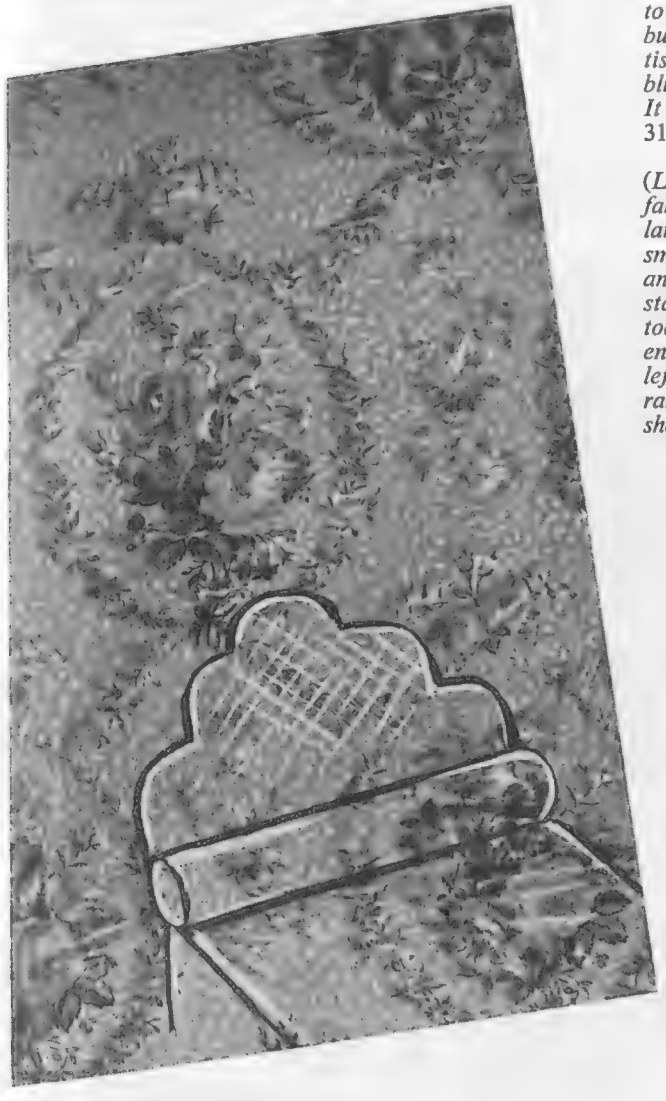
DEEP hems help curtains to hang well. If you are not using a lining, lightly weight the hems or unless the material is transparent, reinforce them. Light reinforcement of the top heading—if you are using one—is always worth while so that the top edges will "stand."

To simplify the making of pelmets, there is a new kind of furnishing buckram. Having cut the buckram lining to the same shape as the outer material for the pelmet, a hot iron is applied to the two pieces of fabric and the specially prepared buckram adheres to the material giving a perfect stiffening without further need of sewing.

If no pelmet is used the top heading should be at least two inches in depth. Ruffle tape is then attached inside as shown in the picture on the right.

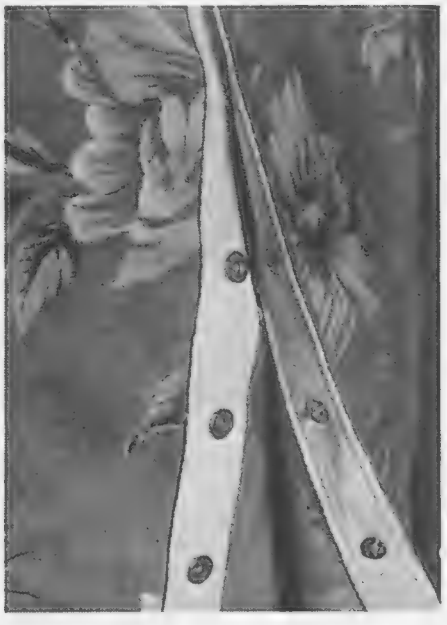
If curtain lining is left loose at the bottom it is easier to avoid puckering.





(Above) A country view to bring indoors. Turnbull and Stockdales Kentish Scene is in shades of blue, brown and green. It has a satin finish, is 31 in. wide and 18s. yard.

(Left) Permanent glaze fabrics come up after laundering with the same smooth lustrous appearance as of new, and are stain and dirt resisting too. A Grafton permanent glaze chintz on the left is typical of a range which is promised shortly for English homes



(Above) This is how the top heading of a curtain should look when the Rufflette tape has been added. Neat fastenings for loose covers are ensured by using a prepared press fastener tape like this on the left

FOOLS, ambers and bavaroises are excellent mixtures for early spring fruits which are full of acidity such as rhubarb and gooseberries. The custard or tinned milk is an excellent antidote for acidity and much less sugar will be required. Apples blend well with rhubarb or any bottled fruit you may have by you such as raspberries or red currants. Rhubarb fool, plain or mixed with other fruit, will provide a delicious spring dinner party sweet if poured into individual glasses, a sponge finger laid across each and a crystallized violet laid on top.

RHUBARB BAVAROIS

RHUBARB FOOL (or other fruit)

Ingredients: 1 lb. rhubarb; 4 oz. sugar; 1 gill water; cochineal; ½ pint custard; 1 unopened tin of evaporated milk stood in boiling water for 3 minutes the previous night.

Wash rhubarb, cut in short lengths, put in pan with sugar and water. Bring to boil and simmer till tender. Put through sieve. Leave to cool. Prepare ½ pint custard, when cool mix with rhubarb; colour a pale pink with cochineal. Pour into individual glasses. Whip enough of the evaporated milk to fold about a dessertspoonful into each glass just before serving. Decorate with sugared violets or glacé cherries.

APPLE SNOW FOOL

Prepare ½ pint of plain fool by stewing about 1 lb. of apples in about a gill of orange squash diluted with water; sieve; return to pan and when boiling pour the purée over a well-beaten egg, stirring vigorously. Return to pan; stir over gentle flame 2 or 3 minutes. When cool stir in a gill of evaporated milk or top of the milk.

GOOSEBERRY OR APPLE AMBER

Ingredients: 1½ pints gooseberries or 1 lb. apples; 2 oz. margarine; 5 oz. sugar; 2 yolks and 1 white of egg; ½ gill water.

Top and tail gooseberries or peel and slice apples. Put in pan with water and sugar and margarine and cook till tender. Put through hair sieve. Mix in egg yolks or, if eggs are scarce, use one with about ½ tablespoonful of thick custard. Mix well; pour into well-greased fireproof dish. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F., 15–20 minutes. Allow to cool a little. Whip egg white stiffly with a heaped teaspoonful of castor sugar. Pile in rough, little heaps on pudding. Return to oven about 7

Stretching A Chocolate Bar

SPECIAL seasons often leave the sweet ration depleted. However, with a little ingenuity a bar of chocolate can be made to stretch nearly twice as far by adding other items. Scald the skins off a handful of hazel nuts; cut them in four; roast till brown and crisp in a moderate oven. Break up chocolate; melt in a double saucepan. This is essential as too fierce a heat which more than just melts chocolate will make it hard and crumbly. Add as many nuts as chocolate will bind together; put little heaps on sheet of greaseproof paper; leave to dry.

The same idea can be carried out with cereals, cornflakes or puffed wheat which should be crisped in the oven. Shredded wheat may be used and can also be shaped into little nests to adorn an Easter cake, filled with little coloured marzipan eggs.

Chocolate can be grated and worked into home-made fondants which are made by mixing one pound of finely sieved icing sugar, with a pinch of cream of tartar added, into an egg white or egg white substitute. Flavour; knead well and leave an hour before forming into shapes.

RHUBARB FOOL

GOOSEBERRY OR APPLE AMBER

minutes to set whites. Decorate with glacé cherries or split almonds.

RHUBARB BAVAROIS

Ingredients: 1 lb. rhubarb; 1 oz. margarine; 4 oz. sugar; 1 tablespoonful castor sugar; 1 pint custard; biscuit crumbs.

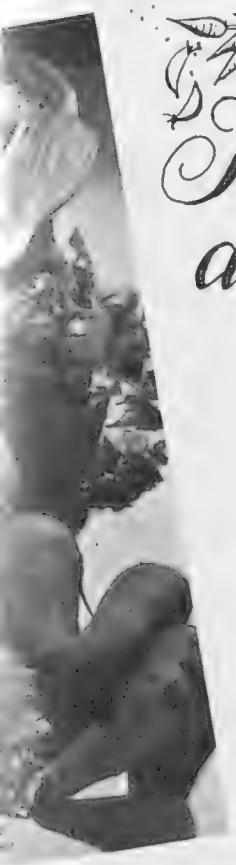
Cream margarine and castor sugar and beat in ½ pint of custard. Stew rhubarb in very little water and 4 oz. of sugar till well done. Beat up with a fork. Lay rather more than half in bottom of bowl. When cool, pour on other ½ pint custard. Add remaining rhubarb to creamed margarine and custard. Whisk till thick and creamy. Pile on to mixture in bowl. Sprinkle a good pinch of ginger into a cupful of biscuit crumbs and scatter on top of sweet.

PRUNE AND LEMON FOOL

Ingredients: ¾ lb. prunes, soaked overnight; 3 oz. sugar; juice of a lemon and rind ½ lemon; ½ pint thick custard; 1 white of egg.

Stew prunes till tender in enough water to cover, with sugar, lemon juice and rind added. When tender pour juice into a bowl and remove stones from prunes and put through a sieve. Add to juice. When cool mix with a little more than half of the custard; if too thick add a little milk. Whip white of egg very stiffly; fold lightly into remaining custard. Put fool in a bowl and pile egg mixture on top.

Fools can be made with sweetened tinned milk, instead of custard. This is good with strong-flavoured and acid purées such as blackcurrant.



They're Young and Tender

WE have passed through an extremely bad winter from the point of view of fresh vegetables, so it is with joy that we welcome the young, fresh things in this line and wish to do full justice to them when it comes to cooking. Peas, baby carrots and young spinach are always popular for making a tasty vegetarian meal, but a point that is sometimes overlooked is that young root vegetables, such as turnips and artichokes, are delicious when served with a special sauce or other embellishment, and spring onions are excellent cooked in a vegetable medley. It should also be born in mind that methods other than boiling can be applied to new potatoes which, when they get a little larger, add to their interest. Here are two such ways :

SAUTÉD NEW POTATOES

Select some small, even-sized new potatoes and cook them in their skins. Drain and, when cool, skin them. Do not over-cook. Sauté in smoking-hot fat, shaking round now and then till golden all over; just before they're done, sprinkle with medium oatmeal and continue cooking, shaking round in fat. Drain, sprinkle with salt and chopped parsley.

CREAM OF NEW POTATOES

Prepare a white sauce flavoured with lemon and a teaspoonful chopped mint. Boil new potatoes in usual way. Drain well and lay in hot dish. Pour sauce over. Garnish with parsley.

ASPARAGUS AU PETITS POIS WITH CHEESE

This is a good way of using the thin, small asparagus. Cut asparagus in small pieces; cook quickly in salted boiling water till nearly done. Drain, toss in butter and arrange on fingers of buttered toast, sprinkle with grated cheese and put under the grill a few moments to melt cheese but not long enough to harden asparagus.

SPRING JULIENNE OF VEGETABLES

Ingredients: 1 lb. baby carrots; 1 lb. young turnips; 3 oz. margarine; 1 small spring cabbage; ½ lb. spring onions.

Wash vegetables, chop cabbage, onions and cut roots in thin strips; melt margarine in a pan, add vegetables and cook for a few minutes, turning in the fat constantly. As soon as they begin to brown add water to cover, previously salted. Cover closely. Bring to the boil and braise 1½ hours.

PEAS AND CARROTS MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Ingredients: 1 bunch young carrots; 1 pint of peas; 1½ oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; seasoning; lemon juice; teaspoonful sugar; small dessertspoonful meat extract.

Wash and scrape carrots, cut lengthwise and cook till tender. Boil peas in another pan. Drain vegetables. Melt margarine in a pan; add vegetables, season; sauté quickly for a few minutes, stirring constantly; add chopped parsley and a good teaspoonful of lemon juice. Shake pan over the flame for a few minutes. Add a teaspoonful of sugar and meat extract just before serving.

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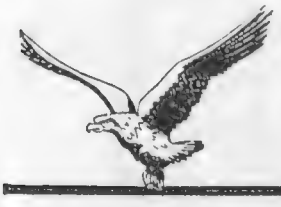

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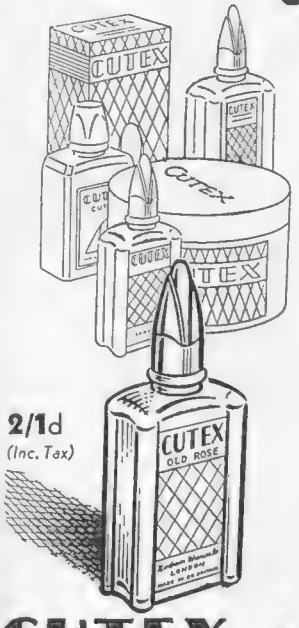

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Comfort and cheerfulness is the keynote of this scene set in the picture above with a gas-coke fire. This model converts from an open grate to a slow combustion fire by means of the firebar and trivet, seen in place in the picture

A gas-coke fire in a modern surround, above right. This model has a two-control lever; the primary control makes it possible to adjust the heat output accurately, while the secondary control makes a low fire burn up quickly

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Cable Classic (*Continued from page 44*)

MAKE DARTS

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 32, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 4 rows. Divide for neck opening as follows :

P. 59, p. 2 tog., then with a second ball of wool p. 2, tog., p. to end, so working both sides at the same time.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 14 ; with second ball, k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 13 ; with second ball, k. 13, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 12, with second ball, k. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 11 ; with second ball, k. 11, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 10 ; with second ball, k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 13 sts., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 9 ; with second ball, k. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 5 rows at shoulder edges, remembering to use two balls. Cast off remainder.

FRONT

With No. 14 needles, cast on 150 sts. Work in rib as for back. Inc. to 160 sts. on last row (wrong side) as follows : Inc. in the 8th st. and every following 15th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.st., increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th and every following 8th row until there are 172 sts. and 51 rows. End p. row. Begin cable patt. as follows :

1st row.—K. 82, slip next 4 sts. on spare needle and place to back, k. 4, then k. 4 on spare needle, k. to end. Work 3 rows. End p. row. Rep. 1st row, increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of row. Continue working 3 rows between each cable row, not forgetting side increases every 8th row, until 4th cable row is reached, when 2 new cables must be started as follows : Inc. in 1st st., k. 69, work cable, k. 5, work centre cable, k. 5, work cable, k. to end, inc. in last st. Continue the 3 cables, not forgetting side increases until there are 180 sts. and 85 rows. End p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Start another group of cables as follows : Cast off 4 sts., k. 31, work cable, k. 23, work centre group of cables, k. 23, work cable, k. to end. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, continuing cables every 4th row as usual, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row until 144 sts. remain. Begin last cables as follows : K. 2 tog., k. 9, work cable, k. 5, work cable, k. 5, work cable, k. 10 before working centre gruop of cables, k. 10 ; work cable, k. 5, work cable, k. 5, work cable, k. to end. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row, p. to end (142 sts.). Continue on these sts. without shaping until 5 ins. (46 rows) from beg. of armhole. End k. row.

SHAPE NECK

P. 62, cast off 18 sts., purling 2 sts. tog. when casting off cable. P. to end. Work back to neck edge. Cast off 8 sts. (purling 2 sts. tog. each time). P. to end. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row at neck edge ; dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows at same edge (50 sts.). Continue without shaping until shoulder measures 4 rows more than back (69 rows). End p. row.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 17 sts. (casting off second 4 sts. of cable before those on spare needle). Work to end. Cast off 17 sts. at beg. of next row at shoulder edge, knitting 2 sts. tog. when casting off the cable. Cast off remainder at beg. of 3rd row at same edge, casting off cable as described for 1st group. Join wool to neck edge and work other shoulder to match.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. and work in rib as for welts for 1 in. Inc. to 104 sts. on wrong side as follows : Inc. in the 13th st. and every following 25th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.st., increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of 7th row and every following 6th row until there are 110 sts. Work without shaping for 31 rows. End p. row.

Shape top. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 50 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

NECKBAND

With No. 10 needles, cast on 12 sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—P.

Work cable k.2 on next row and every following 4th row until strip is long enough to fit the neck (42 cable rows approximately).

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth with fairly hot iron, taking care not to flatten the cables. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Draw up fullness at top of sleeves and sew into armholes. Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of neck opening. Sew neckband neatly to neck with edges turned in. Sew in zip fastener and tack in shoulder pads.

END

Cable Cardigan (*Continued from page 44*)

and p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—As 1st row.

4th row.—K. 4, * p. 1. k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, p. 1, k. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows twice.

These 8 rows form 1 patt.

Continue in patt. until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 8 rows (94 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

Now shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 pins cast on 68 sts. and work in k. 1 p. 1, for 1 in. * Make a buttonhole by casting off the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th sts. on 1 row and casting on 4 sts. in their place on the following row. Work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1½ ins., then rep. from * until welt matches that on back. Change to No. 10 pins.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work) P. 2, (p. 3, inc.) 12 times, p. 6, then slip the last 12 sts. from buttonhole edge on to a spare pin for border (68 sts. on pin).

Next row.—K. 4, * w.fd., k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, w.fd., k. 4 ; rep. from * 3 times (76 sts.).

Continue in patt. as on back until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armhole by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, starting at the seam edge. Now dec. at each end of every alternate row 8 times. Now dec. at *front* edge only on every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Now shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at the armhole edge.

Rejoin wool at border sts. and, using No. 13 pins, work in k. 1, p. 1, making buttonholes as before at 1½ in. intervals until 7 buttonholes are completed.

Continue in k. 1, p. 1, until border measures of sufficient length to go up front edge and half-way across back of neck when border is slightly stretched. Leave sts. on a spare pin for grafting.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front but reversing all shapings and omitting the buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 13 pins, cast on 68 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 pins.

Next row.—K. 4, * w.fd., k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2, w.fd., k. 4 ; rep. from * 3 times (76 sts.).

Continue in patt. inc. at each end of every 8th row until 100 sts. are on pin. (Keep all extra sts. in st.st.).

Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 70 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts. Work another sleeve to match.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Graft border sts. at back of neck. Oversew borders to front edges, stretching borders slightly as you sew. Stitch buttons to match buttonholes.

END

Home Truth (*Continued from page 33*)

or the fact that his boots aren't handmade?"

"Might be something of the sort," he agreed, "or it might be that he is not yet completely Existo-Individualistic. Hinke is very emphatic on the subject."

"So am I," I replied. "Let me play this my own way."

I hurried off, flung myself into my best suit—brushed my hair as flat as it would go—donned my discreetest tie—polished my shoes to a frenzy of brightness and put on a pair of socks with clocks.

Then I began playing hard-to-get in earnest. In turn I ignored a country residence standing in its own grounds and commanding an extensive view over the surrounding countryside, a studio in Hampstead—and—(after I'd been out for a hair-cut and had put on a stiff collar) a self-contained service flat in the West End. I even shut my mind against the possibility of dwelling in a villa on the Kingston by-pass.

If they want vacant possession of this highly desirable tenant on a non-repairing lease (I said to myself) let 'em make me a handsome offer.

But it was no good. Not one even offered to look me over. It was obvious that as a tenant I had some dreadful snag.

"Don't worry," said Henry, when Martha rang him, "for all you know something suitable may be hot on your trail at this very moment."

It was an ominous thought. Moodily I kicked my best shoes into a corner, pulled on an old coat and emerged into the street. Moodily I gazed at the shop windows and the ads. on the newsagents' boards : Pram for sale ; Gent's bicycle ; Typewriting ; Quiet couple required to occupy bed-sit. . . . plenty of stairs . . . use kit.-bath. . . . no laundry—it had found us at last.

END

Under New Management

(*Continued from page 8*)

he had certain instructions. He said, quickly: "We reach understanding. It is good. You have guests in the hotel?"

"They, too," said Wayne with a deprecating frown, "have departed; either on business or on personal affairs. The staff remain. I should say, the European members of the staff. . . ."

"You are not American?" Kushin Sai asked, confirming Wayne's impression that his English had been derived from a school for political officers.

"I am not," said Wayne.

"Americans are capitalist traders in slaves, trying to conquer the world," Kushin Sai remarked. It was obvious the words had no particular meaning to him. Wayne had a swift vision of a score of political officers standing up in class and saying the words in solemn chorus. But political argument was to be avoided.

"I am a hotel-keeper," he murmured.

This reminded Kushin Sai of his mission. "General Yang will be arriving to-night," he said. "You will prepare the best room for him. He will be accompanied by twelve officers. They, also, will require rooms. They will be hungry."

"A meal shall be prepared," Wayne promised.

Kushin Sai showed his teeth. "If the food is poisoned you will be shot," he announced.

"I have not built up my business by poisoning my guests," said Wayne, with considerable dignity.

Kushin Sai bowed. "We have understood each other," he said briskly. "I shall leave four sentries. They will not interfere with you; you will not interfere with them."

"Wouldn't touch 'em with a barge pole," Wayne murmured. It was a slip, and he knew it the instant the words were uttered; but fortunately Kushin Sai's English had very definite limits.

"But the whole thing's absurd!" Sheppard protested. "How on earth am I going to get the necessary permits once they accept me as an employee in a hotel? The best thing I can do is to go after this Kushin Sai fellow and explain the real position."

Wayne blocked his way to the door. "You'll do no such thing, Shep! Your Honan trip is off. They won't trust you; not even if you produce all the testimonials in the world. The most you can hope is that you can reach safety all in one piece."

"There must be reasonable people among them!"

"No doubt. At times like this, though, it isn't the reasonable people who run the show. You can bet that as soon as a new area is occupied a spy hunt is started. . . ."

Sheppard shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you're right," he said, still doubtful. "It's most inconvenient, though. What I can't understand is why you claimed that we're hotel staff."

Wayne put his pipe away. "Perfectly simple. These people are hard up for technicians. To give them their due, they're trying to take over the country as smoothly as possible. Their first concern in this town, once the military situation is satisfactory, will be to get the usual services running. Owing to the exodus, they'll be short-handed. If they discover that Elliot and myself are engineers they'll detain us on some pretext or other to work for them. That's what happened to Charlie Moss in Pekin. . . ."

Elliot interrupted eagerly: "So you're playing for time, Wayne. Do you think you can manage to get us out of here?"

"What do you think I've been doing with myself the last few days?" Wayne demanded. "We tried the airport, of course; but I hadn't much faith in that as an escape route. I've been looking up a few friends." His eyes twinkled. "It's surprising what you can do when you're an old hand. That goes for China just as much as anywhere else in the world."

"When do we leave?" Elliot demanded.

"All in good time," said Wayne smoothly. "First, we must dance attendance on General Yang. Er—there's no knowing what he's like. We'll keep your wife in the background." He turned to Delia Craig. "Sorry," he said. "It looks as though you'll have to be a waitress. Can you cope?"

"Of course," she assured him. She smiled. "An aunt of mine had a tea-shop in Bath. I used to help her when I was a girl." She added softly: "That was a very long time ago."

"Good," said Wayne. "I'll be around all the time, so things should go smoothly."

"Surely I can do *something*," Susan Elliot broke in. "I don't want to be wrapped in cotton-wool. You're taking chances. I must do the same."

Wayne laughed. "I've something fixed up for you," he said. "A policeman's job. Shep will be relegated to the kitchen. He knows a little about preparing Chinese food. You can help him, and at the same time make sure he doesn't forget what he's doing and decide to talk archaeology with General Yang."

"Nonsense!" said Sheppard. "I'll fall in with the plan."

"What's my job?" Elliot asked.

"Your job . . . a bit menial, I'm afraid; but you're the youngest and strongest. Sorry, old man, but you'll have to be a glorified porter. It may mean carrying the general's luggage to his room." Wayne chuckled. "Not quite the right interpretation of the white man's burden."

"Don't worry about that," said Elliot. "I'll do my bit."

"The quicker you investigate the kitchen the better," Delia Craig advised. "At the moment you're optimistically assuming that there is food for the general. . . ."

Wayne lost a little of his complacency. "Lord," he said, "I'm a fool. Never gave it a thought. The staff will not have departed with empty hands; that's a certainty." He recovered himself sufficiently to give one of his ripe chuckles. "Shep, your Chinese masterpiece may be no more than a dream. Instead of lobster done cunningly as *loong har jar min* or chicken as *jing gai*, his excellency the general may have to dine on baked beans! In which case he'll probably have you beheaded."

"The secret lies in the sauce," said Sheppard. "I'll not fail. He'll be so pleased with me he'll probably replace that hat."

"If the general comes within a yard of you, you're deaf and dumb," Wayne warned. "I know the way your mind wanders off the subject so far as everyday things are concerned. But we waste time, let's take a look at the kitchens."

None of them had been there before, and they had some difficulty in locating this part of the hotel, until Delia Craig suggested that cooking was probably done in outbuildings at the back of the hotel. Her guess was right.

They crossed the paved courtyard and Wayne was the first to enter what was little more than a glorified shed. One look inside was sufficient. He turned with a groan.

"The bargain basement at the end of the first day's sale," he announced. "There's not only been looting; but they've chucked all the rubbish they don't want in here as well. Go to it, Shep! Keep an eye on him, Mrs. Elliot. He's quite capable of using machine oil as a basis for soup." He turned to Delia Craig. "I'm afraid we're in for an uncomfortable night."

"It wouldn't be wise to stay in the hotel," she said with a thoughtful glance at Elliot's wife.

"Glad you see it my way," said Wayne. "I should think that second shed was used by the staff. I'm not sure that the stables wouldn't be better." He smiled. "Less livestock."

"What about the horses?"

"They've gone. Poon was bewailing their loss yesterday. It isn't only the wild west that has its horse thieves, apparently."

Delia Craig faltered. Then she said, calmly: "The stables it is! I can't picture us having a peaceful night."

SHE was more of a prophet than she realized, though it began quietly enough. Elliot and Wayne had been busy collecting odd chairs, cushions, rugs and anything available that gave any suggestion of comfort. They had a scratch meal—out of tins.

"Not risking your cooking, Shep," Wayne said. "Though I must admit the general seemed satisfied. Did you have much trouble with him, Mrs. Elliot?"

Susan Elliot gave a rather tired smile. "I wasn't able to keep an eye on him all the time," she confessed. "There was so much to be done. But I took the precaution of hiding two bottles of disinfectant. . . ."

"Completely unnecessary," grumbled Sheppard. "I grant I'm a little absent-minded; but I'm nowhere near as bad as Wayne tries to suggest. It's his sense of humour; he's never outgrown the schoolboy stage."

"He can be serious for a moment," said Delia Craig. "We've gained a respite of a few hours. We're not under guard or anything like that. The point is—what do we do next? We can't keep this up for ever."

"I know," said Wayne. "I'll be slipping away at first light. Hope they're not too efficient so far as patrols are concerned." He smiled. "Even so, I'm good at dodging trouble; experienced. After I've had a talk with one of my friends, I'll be able to tell you something definite. Unfortunately, the liberation people marched in too quickly for me. I'd anticipated more opposition.

"But from snatches I overheard at the dinner table, I gather the general is anxious to take full advantage of the military situation. In other words, he's all set for further conquests. His career matters more to him than the fact that his troops are tired. I fancy he isn't over-strong in men, so he won't be able to leave much of a garrison behind. And that, my friends, should make matters easier. . . ." He broke off, head jerked to one side.

"I thought," Susan Elliot ventured, "I heard a shot."

"And no mistaking that," said her husband. "And another." He looked instinctively to Wayne. "What's it mean?"

"Some of the patrols may be jittery," Wayne said.

"Unless . . ." Elliot paused suggestively.

"Too irregular for firing squads. Apart from that, it's the wrong hour."

"Yes, Wayne. You're right there. Silly of me; I spoke without thinking."

They listened for a few minutes; thoughts active but tongues still. Then Wayne said: "It's increasing. More to it than jittery patrols. It sounds to me like . . . a counter attack." He frowned. "So much for my escape plan. If this is going to be the front line for a few days we're going to find life difficult."

Sheppard said, quietly: "I think we should take precautions. Stray bullets, you know. I've had a hat ruined already. . . ."

"Spread the rugs and cushions," Wayne directed. "We'll lie down against the wall. Elliot—help me barricade the door."

So the hours of discomfort started. The noise of battle seemed to begin in one corner of the night and to spread fan-wise. It came nearer so that instead of the firing being a confused rattle in the distance they were able to distinguish the individual shots. Once, the interior of the stable was lit up as a grenade exploded.

Then the fury seemed to have expended itself. The intervals of silence lengthened, and the noisy interruptions became more distant.

Wayne straightened up. "The worst's over now; one way or another." He peered through a chink in the door, the solitary window-gap being too high. "Dawn coming up," he said. "Help me with the barricade, Elliot. I think I'll investigate. . . ."

"Be careful," Sheppard warned. "Stray bullets, you know."

"I'll look after myself," said Wayne, and he was gone. The rest (*Continued on page 64*)

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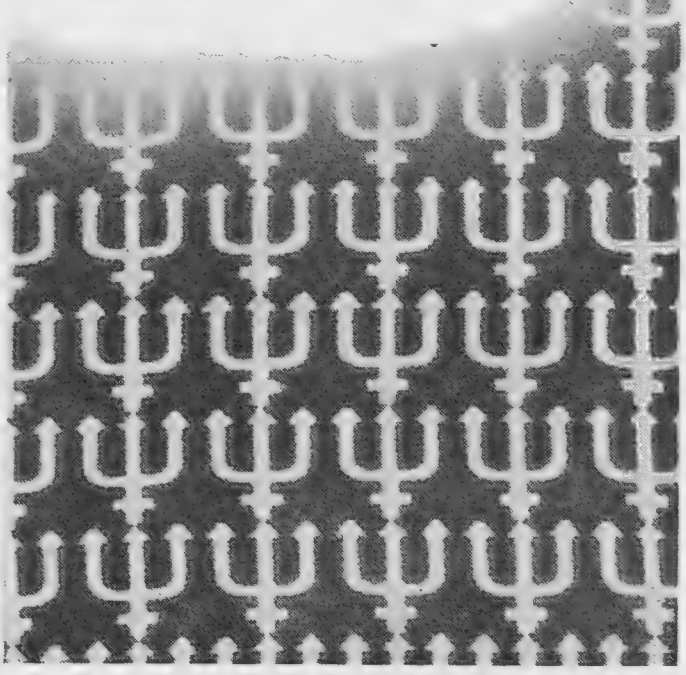

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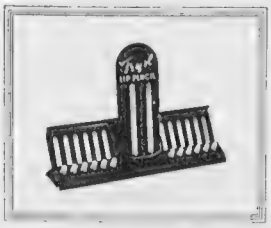

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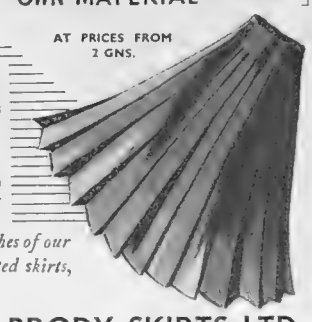

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of them stretched their cramped limbs, talked a little, and wondered a lot. Elliot began to pace up and down.

"I don't think we should have let him go alone," he said.

"Two are more noticeable than one," Delia Craig reminded him.

But as the time dragged on, they began to share Elliot's uneasiness.

"I'll go and look for him," Sheppard suggested.

"No," said Elliot. "I'll do that. It's reasonably light now." He paused at the door. "I'll give him ten more minutes. No longer. . . ." He avoided looking at his wife.

"I think," said Delia Craig decisively, "that it would be better for me to go. Like Mr. Wayne, I'm an 'old hand.'" There was a suspicion of pride in her voice.

"I've known him longer," cut in Sheppard. "Obviously, I am the one. . . ."

"Here he comes!" cried Elliot from the door. "So that settles it."

Wayne rejoined them, whistling softly. "We're in luck," he announced. "The town's changed hands. All we have to do is to pack our bags. Sheer luck. I bumped into some old friends and we can crowd inside a lorry. No comfort, of course; but we shall be moving...."

"Splendid!" cried Elliot. "Let's get moving."

Wayne looked suspiciously at Sheppard. "Shep, did you drop any poison in the food last night?"

"Of course not! Look here, Wayne—this isn't the moment for fooling."

"It's queer," said Wayne. "When the counter-attack developed, General Yang and his staff were—er—very much indisposed. So what started as a raid developed into a full-scale assault. The liberation troops didn't know what to do. No direction. It's all very mysterious. I'm told Yang and his officers are an efficient crowd."

"Very queer," Sheppard said slowly. He stood for a moment in frowning concentration. Then he moved to Wayne's side and asked, quietly: "I say, old man, what's croton oil exactly?"

Wayne stared at him. "It's a strong purge. They give it to horses. Why?"

"Oh Lord!" Sheppard gasped. "I thought it was a flavouring!"

END

Under New Management

Robbery Up To Date

(*Continued from page 9*)

rate. It is not just a question of demoralized Europe, or of Americans for ever dreaming up new and freakish forms of felony. From Africa and Asia come similar tales of robbery under imagination. In Bangkok thieves took a diamond from the forehead of the Sacred Emerald Buddha. They put in a dummy which fell out, but the loss is the maiming of this symbol of Siamese kingship for over 500 years. From the Transvaal Museum in Pretoria were taken gold and silver caskets containing English freedoms conferred on General Botha.

From a Cairo museum were removed £250,000 worth of antiques: Pharaonic statuettes, including the god Amoun worshipped by Egyptians, swords and daggers used by the latter in their wars, old Roman and Greek documents and coins. All were found in a flat where they had been packed to ship overseas, and this bears out that the new-style "Raffles" is specializing in a more exotic field than his predecessors, and picking and choosing as if he had an intelligence system to guide him, and the certainty of quick sale.

Over to Lisbon and we find two army officers being sentenced to many years prison or exile (they had the choice and got more of the latter) for robbing £400,000 worth of rare books and manuscripts from the National Library. A greasy parcel with a London postmark, which contained two rare books worth a small fortune, put the Italian police on a world-wide search for the remaining nine manuscripts stolen from the fourteenth-century San Danieli Library, near Udine. All have now been recovered, but the authorities won't say how. The suspicion is strong that here we have what is called an "Occupation" or "European Relief" thief who was unable to find a buyer, or else became conscience pricked.

We have the Americans' own word for it—and it goes to form no inconsiderable part of the background to this whole story—that rackets flourishing among relief projects sponsored by the United Nations in Europe had an "annual take from theft and embezzlement" of about £50,000,000. So reported one Reinhardt, dispatched to Europe as a control investigator for the Counter Intelligence Corps, and he added that successor organizations are staffed by the same kind of "gentry" who "cannot be banished by existing Allied occupation authorities and foreign governments."

Just where shots were taken for *The Third Man* in Vienna, there stands an American P.X. (N.A.A.F.I.) store which has been the scene of a long-headed stroke typical of the imagination shown to-day. Thieves drilled up through the roof of the sewer tunnel shown in the film's climax, and, ignoring highly valuable stores, concentrated on a safe containing a particular form of paper money which is worthless except for buying travel tickets and petrol.

Why the choice? It is thought the theft is intended to provide air, train and sea tickets for the many unregistered strangers who will be anxious to leave Austria *pronto* when the seemingly endless London peace treaty talks result in evacuation by Allied troops—as they must one day. But will another special paper money have been substituted by then? That's what the thieves took a gamble on.

Before leaving this aspect—meet the Marshall Aid impersonator, twenty-nine-year-old Mlle. Hélène Moine, alias "Lady Betty Parkinson." Hélène has been doing a rare business in fashionable Paris by posing as a niece of the renowned general and convincing industrialists that she needed only to put in a word with "Uncle George" to land them Marshall Plan orders for their factories. She asked nothing more than the payment of all—but *all*—her bills by these saps. For not only has Mademoiselle never been to the U.S.A., but, the police say, was the mistress of a Gestapo officer at Poitiers during the war. Hélène might have gone merrily on but for vanity. She put up phoney decorations. Which puts me in mind of my favourite.

The Case of the Self-promoted "Officer" is unique. An impeccable progression all the way from subaltern to general officer, and extending over thirty years.

Lucien Drouin, bookseller, left the first world war as a private and soon after was struck by the value of officer's uniform for leisure wear. He bought a lieutenant's kit at "the flea market" (Caledonian kind) and thereafter chose his promotion times with much care so they should correspond to his ripening appearance. Thus, in his middle thirties, he had reached major's rank, and started putting on medals as well. By 1949 he was a two-star general with six decorations, but it was the second star which proved his undoing: major-generals are infrequent enough to focus pointed attention.

In his defence Lucien said thirty years experience had taught him that a soldier's uniform was "the most direct path" to a woman's heart. He got eight months—but evidently much else besides, during his self-wrought military career.

For sheer effrontery "The Wolves of France" will take a lot of beating. In 1945 the Republican Guard turned out in full dress for the dedication of a plaque in a building in the Place Martin-Nadaud, Paris. Bearing the Cross of Lorraine and flanked by twin Tricolours, the inscription read: "On the fifth floor of this building the first movement of the armed Resistance, the Wolves of France, was born in July, 1940, under the aegis of the deceased patriots Lange, known as the Alycon, and Salvé, known as Jean de Sylves." Underneath, (*Continued on page 66*)

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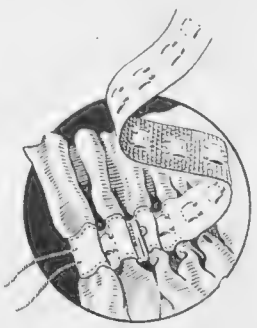

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a smaller plaque: "The Wolves of France—to their numerous dead."

Last Christmas it was found that the two patriots were, in fact, serving prison sentences for swindling; and this led to the apprehension of thirteen "Wolves" in all. Their little game? Well, "little" is hardly the word, for they are computed to have amassed more than £300,000 over a period of five full years by charging extortionate fees for false certificates furnished to people who had collaborated economically and in other ways with the Germans. The "Wolves" also raked in a big sum from *bona fide* Resistance workers. The most serious aspect, however, was that their certificates steered an unknown but large number of collaboration trials towards acquittals or mitigated sentences; both now unalterable.

All the same, what a stroke of genius! What originality of mind, to think up that one! It leaves behind, though it does not blot out, the freshness of conception of "the Citröen coup." It had to be left to this generation to lie in wait for a machine, to ambush one, to fall upon it and plunder it, as once did the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath—only with gentlemen and ladies as their targets.

It had been bruited about that one of last year's models had an engine innovation which would put all rival makes out in the cold at the approaching Salon. So a gang decided to get that secret and put it up for bidding. They hid at either side of the road, where the model was being put through hush-hush early morning trials, rushed out, brought the car to a standstill, incapacitated the crew of two, and bodily lifted the coveted engine out of the chassis!

You see how it is nowadays? Nothing sacred! Not even machines.

Churches certainly are not. Serious concern is felt, more particularly in Continental cathedrals, at the random thefts of treasure and relics. The latest is of a three-foot high gilded monstrance from Notre Dame. The trouble is that thieves find they've taken only replicas and throw them away. Yet replicas of gold cloth gowns and gilded

Robbery Up To Date

diadems, stolen from Chartres and Rheims cathedrals respectively, are historic relics lost for ever. When replicas of the crowns of Napoleon and Charles X also went, this rather heavy irony was circulated on official paper:

> "Robbers of cathedrals are advised to get in touch with the National Fine Arts Administration, which will indicate to them the real value of precious articles. Otherwise, they should be accompanied by an expert on their clandestine visits to the vestries."

France certainly seems to lead the world in originality of adult delinquency. The same delicate touch is manifest in the theft of £15,000 worth of *lepidoptera*—butterflies and moths to you. One of the finest private collections in the world—what kind of person had marked that down?

From Italy comes news of another highly selective choice: of the master negatives of eleven old films made by tenor Gigli. Now valued at £12,000, they were first sold for £80, and later for a nominal sum as scrap.

Fresh prospects are opened up by nationalization, by individuals who enter houses and other private property in the name and trappings of the State. Two seeming Statemen and a Statewoman called on a Paris picture dealer, saying they were representatives of the Electricity Company of France. Adding ruse to their trusty estate, they got away with twelve paintings—including Fragonards—and seventeen tapestries.

Had the dealer treated his floor with radioactive materials, the thieves might have been followed up by police using Geiger counters which click when in the presence of atomic radiation. The use of radioactive sodium on floors, to mark the trail of burglars, may eventually mean greater security for treasure and works of art on public view. But treated surfaces would have to be covered when the public had access to them, else there'd be an awful lot of trails.

END

The Riddle Of Sheba's Queen

(*Continued from page* 12)

obscure but one detail is suggestive: Balaam's two feet are clearly visible, as are Solomon's—but one of the Queen's is hidden in the folds of her dress.

What was behind this strange story? Did the Queen of Sheba in fact have some deformity—magnified by folklore and legend into a monstrosity? Neither the Bible nor the Koran tells us what she looked like, but an old Ethiopian record says that she was "supremely beautiful." And beautiful she must have been if we can believe the description in an ancient chronicle that an Englishman was shown by the Imam of Arabia some fifteen years ago. From this we see a picture of a woman tall, graceful, olive-complexioned, with almond-shaped eyes dark and passionate and a voice "like the sighing of the breezes of the evening." But the writer adds that she had a violent temper and was sometimes called "the cloven-footed devil."

Into so many portraits of the Queen of Sheba this disfigurement persistently intrudes; and hard as it is in her case to extract fact from fiction, to sort the prosaic from the poetic, the simple explanation seems to be that, whether endowed with beauty or not, she was lame.

So sparse is the information about Bilquis that even her Arabian origin has been questioned, and one tradition says that she was an Ethiopian ruler and bore Solomon a son who founded a line of Abyssinian kings. Modern opinion mostly connects her with the kingdom of Saba, in south-western Arabia. Mentioned in the Bible, the records of Greek geographers and inscriptions of Babylon and Ethiopia, Saba was a land of spices (note the Queen's lavish gift to Solomon) and incense and an important point on the great trade-route from Africa and India.

Marib, capital of this long-vanished kingdom, and Shabwa, another of its towns, still exist as small settlements to-day. The former, 200 miles north of Aden, is in the province of Yemen, and the latter, lying some 300 miles to Aden's north-east, is in the Hadhramaut. Perhaps at Marib, perhaps at Shabwa—somewhere at any rate, beneath the sandy surface of this hinterland that once was Saba—relics of Saba's or Sheba's Queen may yet be awaiting discovery. And it is almost certainly in this area that the American archaeologists will have been looking. And they will have searched, too, in the half-buried ruins of Timna, once an important trade-route town, and never explored before.

Shabwa, now the home of a few Bedouin who migrate in summer on account of drought, has long been the target for explorers. Under its surface are supposed to lie temples and inscribed stones that might tell something of the Sabaeans—and even of their Queen, who may have lived there. Before the war outsiders were discouraged from going there by the Aden authorities because their presence caused trouble with a neighbouring ruler, but Hans Helfritz, the German, paid it a fleeting visit, and St. John Philby spent some time there and explored it more fully than anyone before him—he tells his story in *Sheba's Daughters* (Methuen), published in 1939.

But as yet no travellers from Shabwa or elsewhere in this quarter of Arabia—except the Englishman, Commander Crauford, who saw those ancient chronicles mentioned above—have brought back word of the Queen of Sheba. Perhaps by now the Americans will have made some historic find. Or perhaps the desert will never give up its secret—if it has one—and maybe all we shall ever know about Bilquis is that she was the Queen who made that great journey across Arabia to listen to the wisdom of Solomon.

END

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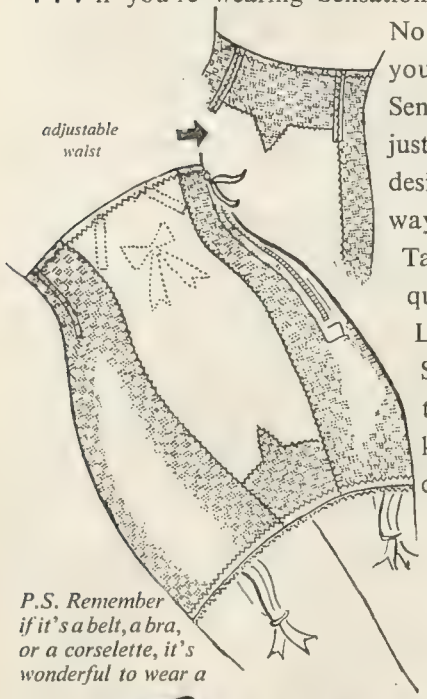

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The Fox (*Continued from page* 23)

Company was known only to The Fox himself.

As his reign progressed his mental processes had grown, if possible, even more tortuous; he was incapable of keeping even his lightest word. There was the removal, for example, of General Zaplin who had grown too ambitious and powerful for The Fox's liking. The young officer, fanatically devoted to his King, who had arranged the removal, whose wife had already been sent to safety in Bulgaria, who had had a bank account opened for him in Sofia and a false passport with a Royal safe-conduct in his pocket, had believed right up to the scaffold that The Fox would somehow keep his promise. After it was over, The Fox, in solitude, cried like a child because he hadn't been able to resist double-crossing the young man to whom he owed so much. He then had the Sofia bank account brought back and disgraced a high Treasury official for arranging it without instructions.

Still, thought King Mendip, no double-dealing however specious would solve his present problem. By its very nature it seemed impossible to solve in the only way he knew. For the problem was simply that, from long experience, his people had come never to trust a single thing he said or did. And how can one deceive if one is never believed? Except perhaps by speaking the truth, which for King Mendip was by now a sheer physical impossibility.

Yet something must be done : his agents had been giving warning for some while. Tolarians were impulsive and prone to sudden and drastic action : he wanted to retain both his throne and his head.

He talked it over at length with Count Apenta, who at last suggested an unsuccessful attempt at assassination.

"Before," said the King grimly, "a successful one crops up."

"They would be sorry afterwards, sire. Whereas a mere attempt would make them realize their undying love for you. Your Majesty's subjects are easily swayed by the emotion of the moment."

"I agree, Apenta. Something on those lines is certainly indicated. But not necessarily a banal attempt at assassination, which incidentally would be just a little too much out of my control. I shall appeal to them myself—in my own way. Straight from the heart."

Count Apenta coughed and looked out of the window.

The plan was carefully worked out. At a banquet to all the capital's aristocracy the King was to make an impassioned appeal, broadcast of course throughout Tolaria, to his people, who he feared had come to distrust him, to renew their faith. At the end he was dramatically to produce a loaded revolver and cry : "Let someone take this and shoot at my heart. If I am not to be trusted by my beloved subjects, I shall die gladly. But if God turns the bullet, then I shall know Tolaria has faith." For the highly-strung Tolarians, inclined also to settle most problems with the aid of revolvers, this would of course be terrific stuff. And as he finished, Count Apenta would snatch the weapon and fire point-blank.

"I need not tell you," concluded The Fox, "that the cartridge will be blank."

"It is possible——" Count Apenta hesitated tactfully "——people will have guessed that already. It is precisely because they have not quite the trust in Your Majesty that——"

"I have thought of that point. You will as proof previously have secretly arranged for a bullet to be embedded in the wall behind me. Where God, of course, turned it," he added.

"There are also the other five rounds in the——"

"They will further serve to confound subsequent sceptics who may wish to examine the weapon, for *they* will be live ones."

"Ah ! They will be live," murmured the Count thoughtfully.

"Yes. Be sure you only pull the trigger *once*. But," he went on indulgently, "I know you will. Because should anything—er—unintended happen, you would, of course, be instantly lynched. As you pointed out, my subjects are easily swayed by the emotion of the moment."

"I take your point," said Apenta shortly.

"Now after the shot, during which I shall stand unflinching, even smiling, I shall graciously forgive you. You will by then have fallen on your knees crying that you will trust your sovereign for ever."

"As always, sire." Apenta bowed so low his face could not be seen.

"Naturally," said The Fox, reflectively, "the listeners to the broadcast will miss a lot, but it should go over big for those present. And it will work. . . . You look worried, Apenta."

"It's about the forgiveness, sire."

"You have my word."

"That's what's worrying me," said the Count bluntly.

The Fox laughed; indeed, it was a sort of tribute. "How can I pin myself down?" he asked. "A written pardon in advance?"

"Your Majesty has been known to vary your signature slightly without detection and then repudiate it later as a forgery."

"True," sighed The Fox. "A large sum of money in the bank wouldn't——"

"Wouldn't be of much use to a headless body. No, I shall write out a full account of our arrangement and hide it somewhere safe. I shall have previously arranged that in the unlikely event of—er—anything going wrong from my point of view, it is to go to the Tolarian Sunday Press."

The Fox was a little taken aback. "Suppose I forbid you to write such an account?"

"I shall still do it. And you know that our Sunday Press is the one thing Your Majesty is not——"

"I know. I wonder," he added candidly, "if I could find out where you're going to hide it. . . ."

The Royal Banquet was in full swing. Immediately prior to it The Fox had retired to his most secret room (*Continued on page* 71)

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behind a bookcase in another room, itself entered via a false fireplace. Here he loaded a a revolver with five live rounds and a blank one in the first chamber. . . .

Loud knocks for silence quelled the decorous tumult of the banquet, giving place to the Tolarian National Anthem. Thunderous cheers, some sycophantic, some ironic, then greeted The Fox as he rose.

He spoke well. The comforting fact that he had managed to bribe Count Apenta's secretary and now knew the hiding place of the other's story of their little plot—it was indeed being abstracted at that moment—gave him more than his accustomed eloquence. In five minutes his magic tongue had them at his feet, many sniffing and surreptitiously wiping their eyes as he referred brokenly to his growing suspicion of a lack of trust in him, their devoted ruler. He went on to his peroration, and a little gasp ran round the crowded hall, as he dramatically produced the revolver—"a loaded revolver," he repeated, in the breathless hush. Then he made his final simple statement and stood there, a little smile on his lips, waiting.

White-faced, Count Apenta rose, took the revolver and swiftly fired—even as women opened their mouths to scream. . . .

The Fox fell dead, crashing forward on to the plates and wine glasses.

For forty-five years he had deceived every single human being with whom he had come in contact, but in the end he had been deceived by a simple piece of soulless mechanism. He had when loading the revolver not realized that the barrel turned *counter*-clockwise, and so the blank had gone into the last chamber instead of the first.

END

Towns That Live On Talk

(*Continued from page 24*)

cost £3 a minute to run. The cost of a conference to-day might well be double.

On top of this is the fact that a big conference is one of the finest advertisements a town can have. Apart from the fact that delegates who come "on business" will, if they find the town attractive, perhaps return later strictly as holiday-makers, the conference results in the town being mentioned in the Press thousands of times.

A Conservative Party conference at Brighton resulted in 12,000 single-column inches of newspaper space and it is certain that Brighton was mentioned at least once in every report. The seaside is a business in these days and it is not surprising, therefore, that many towns spend money to attract conferences. The leading conference towns count their bookings as jealously as actresses count their curtain calls and those with fewer bookings preen themselves on their superior quality.

Harrogate will this year spend £20,000 on flowers with conferences in mind—Brighton voted £1,000 for expenses incidental to the meeting of the British Association there. All the leading conference towns spend considerable sums, knowing that it is bread cast on the waters. Before the war competition to attract conferences had become so keen that a "truce" had to be arranged about the free facilities given to delegates. Even so delegates are virtually given the "freedom of the town" as far as it is controlled by the council—free-parking, free entrance to this and that, free chairs, free transport if it is municipally owned.

A welcome by the mayor and refreshments and festivities graded according to the importance of the conference are usual. But perhaps more important than these outward signs that delegates are highly desirable visitors is the fact that conference town officials go out of their way to make things easy. A large and much publicised conference like that of the T.U.C. raises all sorts of problems. For instance, up to a hundred newspapermen may come and demand facilities for sending reports of speeches, resolutions proposed, passed or defeated. There are perhaps 1,600 delegates, all with considerable correspondence. This may mean a special post office in the Conference Hall, as at Scarborough in 1948.

But the decisive factor in the choice of a conference town must be buildings. There must be a hall big enough to seat the delegates suitably for debate, with committee and consulting rooms under the same roof. There must be hotel accomodation for the hundreds, or possibly thousands, of delegates with their families. The town must be easily reached by good train services from all parts of the country. For the really big conferences like those of the political parties, the T.U.C., International Rotary and some of the largest unions, these things are decisive and there are less than a dozen towns in the country that can offer them. Curiously, London is not one of them, as it is badly provided with suitable conference halls near hotels, so that delegates would be scattered instead of "getting together" which is the essence of a conference.

The seaside or spa conference is largely a twentieth-century development. Paradoxically it was not so much the desire to enjoy sea air or beautiful gardens that took the conferences out of the industrial cities as this need for space. The conferences have gained "character" as a result—even a big conference is "lost" in London or Manchester, but is an event in a "conference town" where everyone from the porter on the railway platform to the man collecting deck-chair fees knows what the delegate's badge means and tries to make him feel welcome and important.

But in addition to these large and strictly business conferences there are hundreds held by men brought together by their trades, professions and even hobbies at which the object is not so much deciding policy as exchanging information (*Continued on page 72*)

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and experiences. The variety of these bodies is extraordinary. Taking one conference town's list alone and picking at random I find conferences of Ophthalmic Opticians, a Federation of Museums and Art Galleries, of Veterinary surgeons, of Chief Constables, Head Teachers, Lighting Engineers, Sewage Engineers, Merchant Tailors and of Temperance Reformers. At the professional and trade conferences the emphasis is more on papers read by experts than resolutions and with some bodies the emphasis is much more on the social side than on the formal meeting. A round of golf on the links offered as one of the conference town's attractions or a motor excursion through neighbouring beauty spots offer a chance of making new friends and contacts and exchanging ideas.

Much of the credit for the growth of conferences into a British institution is due to the officials of the towns that make a speciality of catering for them. The economics of the holiday-town business depend a good deal on the number of visitors during the "off-peak" months and conferences have proved a boon in keeping the towns busy during the spring and autumn months when it may be too cold to bathe but it is not too cold to talk.

END

Story Of British Exploration

(*Continued from page* 21)

Guinea with its tropical forests and savage head-hunters had hardly been tapped. Even to-day the world's highest peak, Mount Everest (29,141 feet), remains unconquered despite several serious attempts to scale it.

Half a century ago we had better maps of some portions of the moon than we had of the areas around the Polar regions. Despite gallant attempts to reach the North Pole by explorers of many nationalities it was not conquered until this century had turned when the honour fell to the American Arctic explorer, Rear-Admiral Peary, who succeeded in reaching it after a stirring sledge journey on April 6, 1909. Its corresponding point in the southern hemisphere was destined to be reached by two rival expeditions within thirty-three days of each other; the Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundsen, gained it on December 14, 1911, and the English explorer, Captain R. F. Scott, on January 16, 1912.

We know how Captain Scott's party perished on the return journey, perhaps the greatest of Polar tragedies. There is no doubt that Scott was disappointed after his elaborate preparations in not reaching the Pole first. He had announced his plan to the world and had sailed south in the *Terra Nova*. Meanwhile Amundsen had fitted out the *Fram* intending to sail north when news was received that Peary had reached the North Pole. Amundsen said nothing, quietly slipped away south and literally raced Scott to the Pole. Amundsen's sole aim was to reach the Pole while Scott had undertaken for various scientific bodies considerable surveying jobs which had to be seen to before the journey to the Pole could be started.

The Victoria Falls in Rhodesia is now one of the playgrounds of the world. Yet a hundred years ago they were unknown to Europeans. Livingstone stumbled across them in November 1854. This is what he wrote in his diary at the time: "Five columns of vapour, appropriately named smoke, bending in the direction of the wind, appeared to mingle with the clouds. The whole scene was extremely beautiful. When about half a mile from the Falls I left the canoe and embarked in a lighter one with men well acquainted with the rapids who brought me to an island in the middle of the river and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Creeping with care to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank in the broad Zambesi. In looking down into the fissure one sees nothing but a dense white cloud; from this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, and it mounted two or three hundred feet."

If you could have peeped into the offices of the Royal Geographical Society a hundred years ago you would have noticed on the walls a remarkable map made by two missionaries carrying on their duties at Zanzibar. According to this map Central Africa consisted of a great lake, or sea, of such huge size and such unseemly shape, representing a gigantic slug that everybody who looked at it laughed and shook his head—a single sheet of water larger than the Caspian Sea.

To solve the mystery the Society sent out Richard Burton and Captain Speke, and it was discovered that there are four great lakes—the Albert Nyanza, Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika and Nyassa. The largest is the Victoria Nyanza, having a surface area of 26,000 square miles. On all the lakes to-day ply modern steamers.

It was Speke who discovered the course of the Nile. That this was no mean feat is obvious when we remember that in modern times alone no fewer than seventy-seven expeditions were dispatched into the heart of the Dark Continent to discover its source. Starting from Zanzibar, Speke marched across wild and unfriendly country, suffering from fever and enduring great hardships, when he entered Uganda on January 16, 1862, the first white man to do so. He found it ruled over by a powerful and despotic young monarch of twenty-five, King Mutsea. Speke found him sitting on a red blanket spread upon a platform of grass reeds; his hair was cut short, save on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge running from front to back like the comb of a cock; his arms and legs were decorated with small beads, and on every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings. A piece of bark served him as a handkerchief to wipe his mouth after his frequent drinks of plantain wine.

Mutsea was strict to cruelty. If his officers absented themselves too frequently from court they were condemned to death. If anyone in court was untidy in his dress, off went his (*Continued on page* 74)

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head. All had to approach him with downcast eyes and on bended knees; to touch the royal seat or clothes, or look upon his wives, and he had 200 of them, was certain death.

It was Stanley who converted Mutsea to Christianity. He found him interested in the question of religion and told him the story of the Creation and the birth of the Messiah. He also translated the Gospel of St. Luke. After he had pondered over this Mutsea called together his chiefs and after a long discourse on religion, said: "Now, I want you, my chiefs and soldiers, to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Jesus, or in Mohammed?" The verdict was given in favour of the white man's book.

From the capital of this monarch Speke marched eastwards and finally discovered that the Kagura River, the true source of the Nile, rises in the snow-clad mountains to the southwest of the Victoria Nyanza, right on the boundary between Uganda and Tanganyika. Here is the Ruwenzori Range, or Mountains of the Moon, in many respects the strangest piece of country in Central Africa. Though first seen by Stanley so far back as 1888, their peaks remained unscaled until 1906. They are famed for their freakish vegetation. Our familiar common herbs grow to an enormous size. There are groundsels thirty feet high, lobelias ten feet, while parsley grows in bushels as high as a man's head. The heather forms a forest, fifty feet high with trunks twisted in the most fantastic fashion.

It was Rosita Forbes, the distinguished explorer, who unravelled the mystery of the holy cities of Kufara, in the eastern Sahara. It is the headquarters of the Senussi, a fanatical Moslem sect. They hold decidedly puritanical views. The wearing of any kind of jewellery is forbidden. Smoking is punished by the loss of a hand, and it is regarded as a good deed to kill any infidels attempting to approach the holy cities.

Kufara lies about 580 miles south of Benghazi, but the route is so difficult that none but the best equipped caravans attempt it. Rosita Forbes had as a companion Hassanein Bey, an Egyptian who had been educated at Oxford. Every obstacle was put in their way. The Italians tried to stop them and they were forced to depart secretly in the dead of night. Their guide turned traitor and even arranged for them to be killed in the desert and then to be reported as lost. Rosita Forbes spent nine days as the guest of the ruler of Kufara, and was permitted to see the holy places, colleges and mosque.

When Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, crossed the Takla-Makan Desert, in Chinese Turkestan, in 1925, he lost seven of his eight camels and all his men except two. This desert is said to be the worst in the world. The sand-dunes rise to a height of 350 feet, and continually cross one another, making travelling over them very difficult. Worse still the sand is continually being whirled along by strong winds in clouds not more than a dozen feet in height rendering it impossible for a traveller to see the direction in which he is travelling. According to legend great cities lie buried beneath the sands of the Takla. Hedin found the remains of such a city and on the walls of its ruined houses were tastefully painted images of Buddha.

But that crossing nearly cost Hedin his life. The caravan had run out of water and the gallant explorer went on ahead to a distant wooded bank. He travelled thus for days and became so weak that it was a question of crawling. He took five hours to cover two miles. Then he struck a little pool of water in the dried up river bed. Pulling a tin box out of his pocket he drank heavily. "I imagined," he records, "that I saw a heavenly being floating by my side, and thought I could hear the rustle of his wings. Never before and never since have I so vividly realized the sublime influence of the Eternal."

The last area of Asia to give up its secrets was the Rub'al Khali, Arabia's great desert, measuring 400 miles from north to south and some 900 miles from east to west. During the years 1930–32 it was crossed for the first time by two British explorers, Bertram Thomas and H. St. John Philby, the former crossing it from south to north and the latter from east to west. For years Arabs had talked about a legendary city in the heart of the desert known as Wabar. It had been destroyed by fire, but it was a city rich in treasure with date gardens and a fort of red silver. Philby found that the ruins consisted of two great craters about 100 yards and 50 yards in diameter respectively caused by a falling meteorite in the distant past.

Another mystery of the desert was the "singing sands." Both Thomas and Philby stumbled across this phenomenon. As Philby lay in his tent one afternoon, the slopes of sand around him began to boom. The concert had been started by one of his men walking up a steep sand-slope. The musical effect is achieved by the formation of a sort of vacuum between the moving mass and the stationary sand over which it passes, the hollow spaces serving as a sounding board. But the conditions must be right or there will be no music.

END

Man-Made Miracle

(*Continued from page 29*)

as a symbol that accompanies us further. Entering the park, there is a short, wide, tree-lined avenue at the end of which stands a hundred-yard-long bridge with sculptures on the four corner pillars and the balustrades. Beyond the bridge one sees the fountain with its large central group, standing out against the green surface of the sloping terraces behind. Above stands the Monolith at the highest point of the lay-out. It is silhouetted against the sky and is surrounded by thirty-six groups of stone figures. It drew me like a magnet, but an examination of the statues on the bridge and the great fountain must first be made.

On Vigeland Bridge itself are fifty-eight (*Continued on page 76*)

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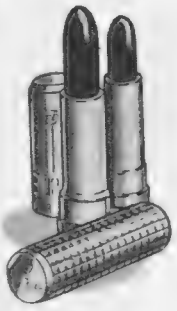

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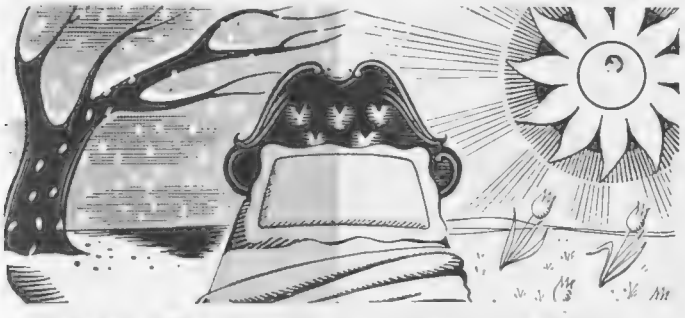

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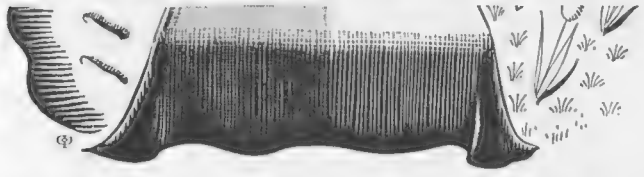

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bronze figures either single or in groups of two, some so dynamic they appear arrested in a pause for breath and others restfully static. Their form, however, is only the means for giving expression to each individual's interpretation of the eternal struggle between mind and matter. (The reptile can still be seen in a few instances in contest with the earthly human being.) All these statues, in fact, represent phases of human problems—the daily experiences that each one of us feels in fighting against his other self, the inner struggle against impulses and inclinations. I certainly felt that my own secret spiritual contests were dramatically exposed on this bridge.

All the statues, however, do not present enigmas. There are, for instance, some delightful child and youth figures. One of these shows an angry child—an emotion seldom shown in art but delightfully human.

Beside the bridge and a small lake is a children's playground, where there are eight child-figures. There is great expressiveness in their faces, a spontaneity of feeling which vanishes in most people as they grow up and learn to put on a mask. It is often said that Vigeland was cleverest at sculpturing children.

The Fountain is fascinating. It stands in a quadrangular basin, with twenty-yard sides, surrounded by a narrow moat. At each corner of the basin are five wooden groups, and in the basin wall are inset sixty reliefs. The central group consists of six naked men twice natural size. They are bearing a great water vessel, but spill the water over its edges, creating a fine veil of mist which envelops the figures. From the ledge at the men's feet comes the water cascade proper, thrown out to fill the space between the wooden groups. The torrential volume of water in use would be equivalent to a third of the city of Oslo's consumption, but for the fact that the same water is pumped up again and again.

The bas-reliefs of the basin give a picture of life from beginning to end, partly as realistic reproductions, partly as illusions in the life of thought. The beginning shows a little child on the horn of a mastodon; and then life goes its round, the new life replacing the pre-historic, through the innocence of childhood, the struggle and illusion of youth, the joys of parenthood, the resignation of old age, until it returns to the earth—as the sculptured circle closes. The same theme is also found in the wooden groups.

A paved space surrounds the fountain basin. The mosaic floor of black and white stone is laid out as a labyrinth, an imaginative picture of man's journey through life, with its difficulties and disappointments. It took me over two hours to pass through the labyrinth, which is one of Vigeland's most remarkable works.

Finally, the visitor ascends to the Monolith. It forms the central point from which the situation of all the other works in the park has been fixed. Nearly sixty feet in height, it weighs over 200 tons and is a single block of stone. The transportation of this colossus to the site took over six months, at the snail's pace of a few yards a day—the longest day's march being seventy yards. It took Vigeland ten months to model his Monolith in full scale, while the transference of his intricate interpretation to the stone occupied three expert sculptors no less than thirteen years!

Gustav Vigeland once declared, "The Monolith is my religion." To give an interpretation of this is impossible, for the whole design is allegorical, and each visitor must form his own ideas as to how to explain its riddle. So strikingly alive are the figures that they seem to writhe and struggle for survival, with the eternal vitality of human life and its instinct to create displayed by the children at the summit—the source of life, so I thought, finally triumphant.

I returned again and again to the Vigeland Park. By the hour I mused there, for it is one of those rare places where thought is excitingly stimulated. It well justifies a special visit to Oslo simply to study this "man-made miracle."

END

The Case Of The Dusty Cobweb

(*Continued from page* 15)

or doped, the murderer must have been in the house—or had access to it. Someone intimate with Spofforth, too."

"Exactly."

"And who've we got? Herbert Elliot—at the office in Fenchurch Street all night. Young Blake—on the train, coming down from Yorkshire. Doctor Pringle—off to bed early with an attack of migraine. There's only Grace Daventry for it. And she had the key of the garage. She could have strung her guardian up at, say, a quarter to eight, then driven like hell to the station to give herself some sort of alibi."

"No arguing against that. Though you've forgotten Mrs. Walshaw, you know. She was the first to raise the alarm. She was alone in the house with Spofforth after Miss Daventry had gone to the station. If she had another key to the garage——"

"We've no evidence——"

"How right you are, Jimmy! Not a scrap. Except that tube of ointment—and these newspapers. Last night's! I still feel that they——"

Peter broke off, dropping to his knees again, careless this time of the crease in his trousers. For quite a while he was silent, peering at something lightly attached to a corner of one of the papers, while his pursed lips produced a soft and very mutilated version of "Caller Herrin." "This seems to alter the whole situation," he said eventually.

(*Continued on page* 78)

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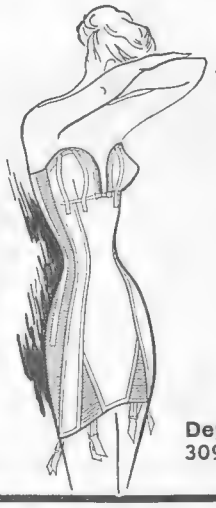

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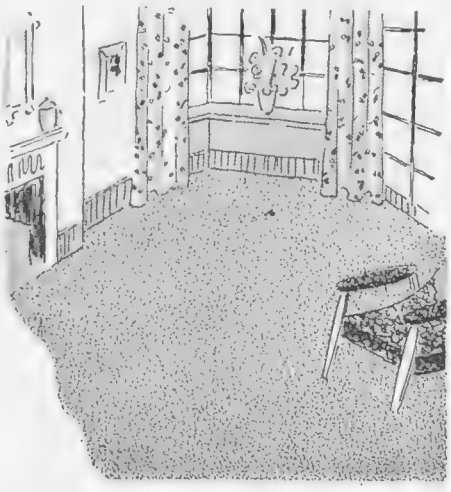

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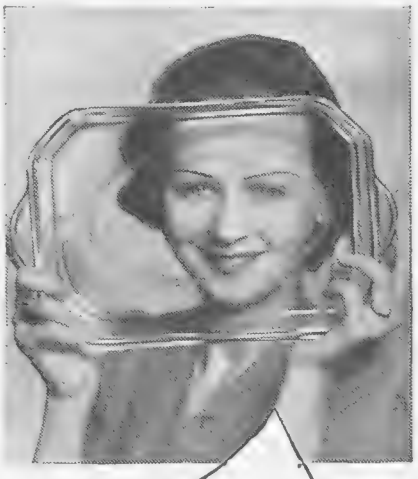

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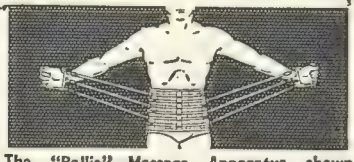

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"A cobweb, isn't it?" asked Jamieson, looking over his shoulder.

"Yes. An old one. Where do you suppose it's come from?"

"Dunno. Should I?"

"We've got to find out. Because it's dusty—with whitish specks tangled in it. Probably whitewash. And I don't think it was picked up from this stone floor, which is greasy with oil rather than dusty. No place for cobwebs. And certainly no whitewash."

"The ceiling and the walls——"

"That's it." Peter sprang to his feet, looking round eagerly. A glint of excitement showed in his dark eyes. "Jimmy," he added reproachfully, "you said there was no place to hide."

"Well, I don't see——"

"What about that shelf up there?"

Jamieson's dour features registered disgust as he gazed at the narrow shelf fixed to the wall well above the workbench.

"That's no hiding-place, Mr. Trevor."

"Not just now, perhaps. But switch the light on? See the shade over the bulb throws all the light down; prevents it reaching as high as that shelf. If Spofforth were up there this morning at half-past seven, would the girl be at all likely to see him?"

"I suppose not. But—I say, Mr. Trevor! What in Hades are you getting at?"

"Let's gaze on the shelf." Peter set the stool upright, and climbed from it on to the workbench. "Cobwebs, all right! Dusty ones, too—and whitewash. Otherwise empty. And look here, Jimmy! These marks on the dusty surface. Very evident, aren't they? Someone's been up here quite recently."

"But whatever for?" stormed Jamieson. "What's the big idea? You're getting me into a worse mess than ever. One moment you say Spofforth was murdered. The next, that he was hiding up here until Miss Daventry got the car out. Doesn't make sense at all."

"Of course it doesn't." Peter grinned and jumped down from the bench. "But it solves the case. Come on! Help me to tie a few loose ends together."

IN the cosy breakfast-room five people waited.

Mrs. Walshaw, still flustered, poured out the coffee she had just brought in. Grace Daventry watched her with a puzzled frown. Richard Blake watched Grace, hoping against hope for some satisfactory answer to that dreadful question. Doctor Pringle fidgeted, and audibly wished that Mr. Trevor would hurry up. Herbert Elliot, big and florid, sucked placidly at his pipe, and agreed that it was too bad to keep them all here. In his opinion, too much fuss was being made over a painful, but perfectly straightforward matter.

They all eyed the famous Mr. Trevor anxiously when Jamieson brought him in. Peter had a word with each of them individually, murmuring appropriate condolences. He seemed particularly sympathetic towards the dead man's partner.

"This must have been a great shock to you, Mr. Elliot," he said, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Apart from losing an old friend, I gather that you've made some rather unpleasant discoveries about him."

"That was a shock, too," said Elliot. "I'd never have believed it. Even so, he could have put things right. There was no need to kill himself."

"He didn't kill himself," said Peter gently. "He was murdered."

"Good heavens! You can't be serious! You're surely not suggesting that Grace——"

Richard Blake sprang to his feet.

"Whatever happened to him, Grace had nothing to do with it," he cried angrily. "The idea's completely absurd! And I don't see that you've any right to say he was murdered, Mr. Trevor. I admit it's—well, queer about those newspapers. But I cut him down, and there was nothing at all to indicate——"

"There was a small tube of ointment in the breast pocket of his dressing-gown. In that position he could hardly have broken it himself. Almost certainly this was done while he was being carried out to the garage."

"Grace couldn't have carried him."

"I think she could," smiled Peter. "She's not by any means a weakling. But you needn't worry about defending her, Mr. Blake. She didn't kill her guardian."

"You know—who did?" asked Pringle incredulously. "Already?"

"Oh, yes. And I think you ought to be able to make a good guess—remembering that four of your sleeping tablets were taken last night instead of two. But, no. Perhaps that's expecting too much. You haven't heard about the dusty cobweb." Peter turned towards Elliot, and his voice suddenly grew cold. "Such fine fragile threads. But they'll make a rope for your neck, Elliot."

"Mine?" After a moment of stupefaction, Elliot laughed harshly. "You're crazy!"

"I expect you've been meddling with the firm's books yourself. Because of the present financial stringency, discovery was inevitable in the near future. There was only one other person who could be blamed. And you couldn't frame your partner while he was alive."

Some of Herbert Elliot's high colour drained away.

"You're talking rubbish!" he asserted loudly. "Unmitigated nonsense! Accusing me of—— Perhaps you don't know, Mr. Clever Trevor, that at the time Andrew died I was in our offices in Fenchurch Street, that I'd been there all night."

"Yes, I know that," agreed Peter mildly. "But I also know that you'd made—er—all arrangements for his death before you left here."

His voice hardened again.

"I'll tell you just what you did. For the plan you had in mind, it was necessary that Spofforth should be more or (*Continued on page* 81)

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less unconscious. You didn't want to knock him on the head—that might leave some trace. You got a better idea. Thinking you were going shortly, he'd already taken two of his sleeping tablets. Either by persuasion—or possibly without his knowledge—you saw that he took two more. That would have the desired effect, Pringle, wouldn't it?"

"Lord, yes! After four of them, he'd be like a log."

"And sleep until—perhaps eight this morning?"

"Much longer than that, I should have thought."

"He hadn't a very comfortable resting-place." Peter turned back to Elliot. "You were rather too thorough. If you'd been satisfied with, say, three tablets, he'd have wakened sometime during the night—as you'd planned—and in all probability no suspicion of murder would have arisen."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I haven't finished yet. When Spofforth was deeply under the influence of the drug, you carried him out to the garage—he'd left the key on the hall table for Miss Daventry to use this morning. You got the rope ready for tying round his neck, carefully calculating the correct length. Then you spread newspapers on that shelf and against the wall just above it. These were to serve a double purpose. First, to keep any dust away from his dressing-gown and pyjamas, and so prevent anyone knowing he'd been on the shelf at all. Second, to strengthen the required impression of suicide. After arranging him up there, you tied the rope round his neck, laid the stool on its side, closed the garage, and returned the key to the hall table. Satisfied that all was in order, you proceeded to give yourself a water-tight alibi.

"Quite a clever scheme, really. Sometime during the night, Spofforth would awaken, cramped and uncomfortable—with no knowledge of where he was. On that narrow shelf, the slightest movement would be disastrous. He'd fall off, bringing the newspapers down with him, and the rope round his neck would do the rest. Still half doped, he wouldn't have a chance. Clever—and very nasty, Mr. Elliot."

Some colour had returned to Elliot's face, but his voice was shaky.

"And why pick on me?" he demanded shrilly. "Even if Andrew met his death more or less as you suggest—which I very much doubt—why blame me for it? You haven't a scrap of proof——"

"Oh, yes, we have," demurred Peter. "There's a small greasy patch on the left shoulder of your coat. When it's analysed, I'm quite sure we shall find yellow oxide of mercury in an ointment base. I think it got there when you slung Spofforth over your shoulder to carry him to the garage. So does Inspector Jamieson."

"I'm darned sure of it," said Jamieson gruffly. "Come on, Elliot. It's all over bar shouting."

Richard Blake wiped the perspiration from his forehead as the inspector took his prisoner away.

"My sainted aunt!" he exclaimed. "That's a relief! We—we'll never be able to thank you, Mr. Trevor."

"It did look rather sticky for Miss Daventry at one time," agreed Peter. "But I don't think Elliot had any intention of framing her. He fully expected Spofforth to waken much earlier—say, round four or five o'clock."

"I—I'm bewildered," gasped Grace. "And I feel that it's—all my fault. If I'd seen my guardian lying on that shelf——"

"You couldn't see him, my dear," said Peter gently. "Because of the shade on the light. You couldn't even see the rope going over the hook in the ceiling. You might have seen where it was attached to the staple in the wall—if you'd looked. You might have seen the overturned stool half hidden beneath the bench." He smiled at her lovely, troubled face. "But why should a girl in love notice such details? I imagine your mind was full of—" he glanced at Richard—"other things."

END

The Pupils From The Argentine

(*Continued from page 27*)

in the old troubadour country and traditions?" she asked him.

"I know many parts of France," he replied guardedly. "I have been through Provence no doubt. But I have not met troubadours—They're sort of street-singers aren't they?" he said in a tone of desperately earnest ignorance.

She looked at him pityingly but remembering her own geographical blunder—and also that he might still be only a "P.P." (as they called Prospective Parents) she replaced the scornful pity by an indulgent smile:

"I doubt very much they would have liked the comparison. In any case they belong to the past—though no doubt the modern Wander-Vogel idea can be linked up with their tradition. I have in fact touched on that in my book."

"I must get hold of a copy," he murmured.

"Do, if you are interested. It is obtainable now at any of the booksellers."

Miss Louisa came in, expectantly. Far too expectantly, Miss Frances thought. He, however, was wholly relieved at the interruption and came at once to the point.

He had rushed up north and consulted his sister. Of all the prospectuses and details he had given her of the various schools he had visited, none was so suitable as theirs. His time was short, as they well knew. They had already discussed details pretty thoroughly—for even at his first meeting he had felt particularly drawn to the idea of leaving the two little girls in their hands, so now it only remained to settle up on the financial side.

(*Continued on page 82*)

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The Pupils From The Argentine

"Now I'm a straight business man, but of course you don't know me, so you must have references. Here they are for you to take up before the girls come. But I'm off to-morrow so we must get accounts settled up before I go. My business is so large and well-known that all the big City banks know me, and I've one or two Government connections, too. But I won't worry you ladies with all that. I want now to pay in advance. I don't suppose you'll raise any objection to that?"

He looked at them with an ingratiating smile and turned from Miss Louisa's innocent blue eyes to Miss Frances who was calling up a gracious but business-like look: "Certainly not. It is the custom everywhere to pay a term's fees in advance."

"Quite so. But my idea is to settle in a large way for a year."

"But . . ." They looked astonished and protesting.

"Excuse me. When I go to-morrow I return to meet much anxiety and many cares. My wife's illness and so on. I therefore want to feel that whatever happens my children are covered for the time being and will not be a financial burden to anyone. My sister is unreliable and might be away. She travels a great deal. I think you will agree that my wish is natural enough, so that in your kindness you need not be beset with money cares on their behalf."

He paused for a reply but they had none ready.

"Well then, will you, between now and to-morrow—you will want to consult together of course—make out some sort of comprehensive account for the two of them which shall include school fees, extras, pocket and travelling money for them, clothes—they will want replacements and whatever you think necessary. I can't get it all in detail of course, and you need not either. Just what I have indicated in a round sum and of course, a lump sum for 'mothering' the children.

"Now if you will have this account ready for me by to-morrow afternoon, I will come in before I leave—for London to catch the night mail for Liverpool—and settle up with you. There! That's fair enough, I think."

The atmosphere in which he took leave of them was very friendly and "au revoirs till to-morrow" were exchanged very genially. What a pity he could not dine with them to-morrow evening when they were expecting their brother over. It would have been an opportunity for Mr. Brabazon himself to discuss little Fiametta's chest. Alas, no, quite impossible.

Miss Louisa had to say good-bye to him there and then as she could not be at home to-morrow afternoon. At last he bowed himself away. "*A demain,*" he returned, infected by the little French phrases they usually preferred to the solid British equivalents.

"What a strange, delightful, quixotic man!"

"I wonder if he will remember to buy my *Troubadours*.

"Why did you not give him one of your advance copies—you have four."

"No, Loo, that's not business. He can well afford to buy it and push up the sales."

HE came as he promised and when he had gone Miss Frances sat alone in the drawing-room. Perhaps after her long day—tiring in spite of its pleasant ending—she would get a nap. Louisa was upstairs and Harry was not expected yet. A lot to tell him (her eyes closed). He'll be interested to hear of that nice fat cheque locked away in her office drawer. Must pay it in to-morrow. Saturday! Must remember that. May have to wait till Monday. Must look at the time-table. A slight grunt roused her and she fell again into her cogitations. It had been a pleasant sensation holding that cheque in her hands—and writing a receipt for it. How he had kept talking and moving about her little office. Evidently more cultured than I thought, asking to look at all those books behind me. A Dickens enthusiast. And quite paternal, the way he had insisted on her locking it up before she wrote the other. Had he given her a receipt for that? Oh yes, and his sister's address. (Her head nodded.) Poor fellow, he seemed very distressed about that cable he had received. Hope she is not desperately ill. (Another grunt, a little snore and she slept.)

AN hour later they sat "*a trois*"—Miss Louisa, Miss Frances and their beloved brother. When he came they always dined like this in the drawing-room, the card-table unfolded and laid with a white cloth.

While the parlourmaid was coming and going and Louisa was busy with directions they talked only in a desultory way. But as soon as Louisa's knife hovered over the roast chicken, Frances could contain herself no longer:

"Well, Harry, we've got some news for you. To-day . . ."

"*Pas devant!*" hushed Louisa as Edith returned with the bread sauce. The door closing firmly behind her apron strings, Frances began again.

"We have two new pupils coming, Harry, at mid-term—young as this poor little fowl here! And everything paid in advance for a year."

"For a year! Why?"

Together they told him the full story, he frequently hushing one that he might hear the other, till Frances brought it to a triumphant finale: "And at this moment there reposes in my office drawer a cheque for £600."

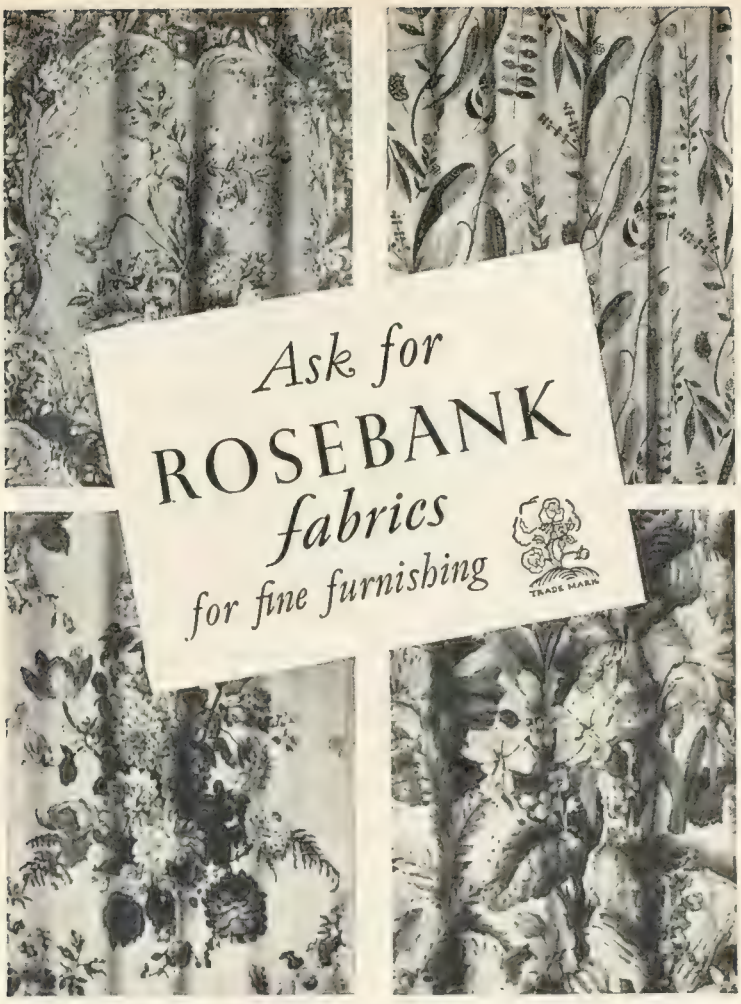
"£600?" Louisa queried. "Why? We fixed it for £550."

"I know. But he had written it out beforehand at a rough guess and made it £600."

"But you surely did not take it, Frances," said Louisa whose honesty was of the same pure quality as her naïvety.

"I did not. He pressed me hard to do so but I did not see how I could, seeing that we had already made it as high as was decent. So when he saw my unwillingness he pressed it into my hand and said: 'Give me a receipt for that and write me a cheque for the difference and I'll give you a receipt for that.' So I wrote him a cheque for £50 and we. . . ."

"You *didn't*, Frances!" exclaimed her brother. (*Continued on page* 84)



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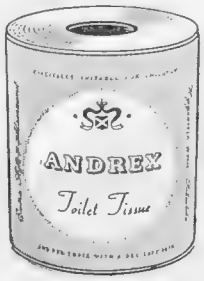

A product of St. Andrew Mills Ltd., London, E.17

"But, of course."

"Good Heavens! How could you be such a fool."

"But. . . ."

"Did you know anything about him? Any references?"

"He is a 'parent'—he gave me references but——"

"But what?"

"I'd no time to take them up. But of course he's perfectly honest. Besides—I remember—he had very high business connections—even with Her Majesty's Government, he said, didn't he, Loo?"

"A Dartmoor convict could say as much and be no liar!"

"But Harry. I have his cheque for £600."

"Oh, my dear Frances. You call yourself a woman of business! Of course he may be a straight chap but he sounds a wrong 'un. If so that cheque's worthless when you present it."

"Can't we stop her cheque?" asked Louisa, having a bright idea too late.

"Might have earlier! Was it crossed?" he asked.

"No, he asked me not to. I was just going to, but he could do with the cash, he said. Travelling, you see."

He gave an exasperated laugh.

"Tscha! Really, Frances. The poor little chap wants the money so you give it him."

"Can't we stop it?" bleated Louisa less brightly.

"*Pas devant,*" she hissed as Edith came in with the sweet.

"Been cashed, of course," he scoffed when she had gone. "What time did he leave?"

"Oh, I don't remember. Yes!" she said miserably. "Yes, three-forty-five. He said he must be off."

"Just in time to cash it before the banks close."

Frances rallied herself. "Harry. I *don't* believe it. I was rash I admit. But I'm sure he's genuine. He had even bought a copy of my 'Troubadours.' He drew it out of his coat pocket as he said good-bye."

But he remained unconvinced. "Come girls!" he braced them. "Put a brave face on it. Might be worse. I've something here to drown your sorrows in—a jolly good bottle of port. Get the glasses, Loo." As they drew away from the table, Louisa went to get the glasses, discreetly disposed on a tray behind the office door.

"While you are there, Loo," called her sister, "do bring one of the three copies of my 'Troubadours.' I'm going to give Harry one."

"I will dear. . . . Where's the third?" she shouted. "There is a blank space and only two. There were three when I dusted this morning."

She came back with the glasses and a volume and glanced at her sister's amazed face, a mixture of disillusionment, incredulity, revelation and anger.

"Then it *is* true," she said in sepulchral tones. "*He* took it when he was dancing about with his chatter behind me as I wrote the cheque. It was my own copy he pulled out of his coat pocket—the *devil.*"

Harry was unable to stifle a laugh as the two sisters stood in dumb dismay chewing the infamy.

"I am afraid that proves it up to the hilt. Come along girls!" Drawing the cork he poured the blood red wine into the glistening glasses while they watched with shining eyes and anticipatory tongues.

"Looks good!" they gloated.

"'Tis good!" he muttered.

"Oh, that devil—I'd like to. . . ."

"Be quiet, Frances," he ordered. He winked at Louisa jerking his head towards the fuming Frances, as they raised their glasses to his, held high:

"Let us drink to the health of——" he paused dramatically, "poor little Fiametta!"

They broke into laughter—shook with it, rocked with it, cried with it, gasped for breath, then set each other off again with episode or phrase recalled, until—for the moment spent—they lay back in their chairs.

There came a knock at the door.

"*Pas devant,*" hiccupped Louisa.

END

Hark! Hark! The Lark

(*Continued from page* 16)

occasions when danger threatens to carry their young or eggs to a place of safety.

In the autumn flocks of larks comprising millions of birds come to us from abroad and take the place of the locally-breeding birds as they make southwards for the winter months. It is one of the mysteries of migration that the larks on the coastal islands of Scotland, where they are called "the Virgin Mary's linnets," should find it necessary to come south for food, yet the larks from Siberia take their place and find a sufficiency. All these birds do good, feeding on insects, beetles, and weedseeds.

WHEREAS the poets through the ages agree that the other great songster, the nightingale, has a sad and complaining song, they have nothing but praise for the gay-singing lark. Certainly when the lark sings in January there can be no question of sexual passion for the bird is not yet mating. Neither is the song proclaiming territorial rights in the ether above the nest—what then can the song be but one of pure ecstasy and love . . . appreciative of sweet melody?

Nearly all the phases of the bird's life can be read in verse. It was Shakespeare who put into the mouth of the lover, Romeo:

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,"

and Mrs. Browning covered a lot of (*Continued on page* 86)

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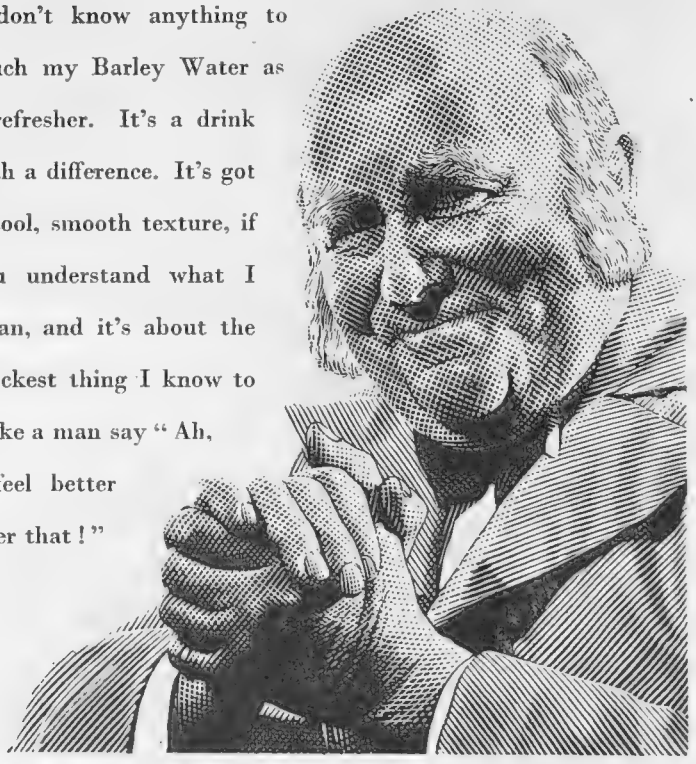

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ornithological ground in the simple couplet:

"Hath her nest among the gorses,
And her song in the star-courses."

What modern thought can we add to these lays of old? The song of larks is unrehearsed, theirs are unscored melodies—an ageless cadence remote from sophisticated crooning or the ersatz rhythm of man's civilization. It is possible to transcribe in musical notation the song of the blackbird and the cuckoo, but it is quite impossible to put on paper the sibilant notes of the lark.

When listening to the song, however, of sweetly-singing birds, it is easy to be imaginative and interpret the meaning according to one's passing mood. But whatever the mood it is hard to believe as the lark towers upwards in the sky, on an invisible aerial ladder, that it is not enjoying to the full its surroundings, that it is not in love with the flowers of the field . . . the lacy treetops, with the afternoon sunshine and the cool shadows of the evening, with the winding brooks below. It is hard to believe the poet Shelley who called the lark a "scorner of the ground."

The skylark has always been associated with the dawn, yet if one listens to the last flight-song in the late evening, and Shelley is right after all, no imagination is needed to know that the larks are "singing good night to God" and that at "Heaven's Gate they sing."

The Glamour Of A Name

(*Continued from page* 20)

Anastasia had hundreds of believers; she was welcomed in America, was the guest of millionairess Mrs. William Leeds, and travelled extensively, always "in state." In actual fact, she came from Rumania. She was a small-time actress and her surname was Tchaikowsky. The only genuine part about her was her Christian name: Anastasia. . . .

TWENTY-FIVE years have slipped past since New York City's Police Department took a firm grip on the person of a gent charged with grand larceny, and in no uncertain terms accused him of "obtaining a tapestry worth 1,250 dollars from a well-known dealer by fraud." Pictures of the accused gave these details: "He describes himself as Michael Romanoff, thirty-two years old, and represents himself to be of the famous Russian family of that name. 'He has many other aliases, and is believed to be Harry Gerguson, son of a Jewish tailor."

Not precisely an auspicious start to a top-priority hoax, but "Mike" couldn't care less. On May 10, 1932, he was photographed peering a trifle dejectedly through bars fixed over a porthole in the transatlantic liner *De Grasse*. Despite a hunting-crop horseshoe pin set at a jaunty angle in a neat silk tie, the wearer looked anything but happy; he was, in fact, en route for France, to serve a one-year sentence. And on April 5, 1933, he was charged before a Federal Board of Inquiry, at Ellis Island, found guilty of perjury, and sent to a House of Detention for three months.

At the end of that term of incarceration, dressed in a leather mackinaw over a woollen jerkin, topped by a cravat, with expensive corduroy trousers, and carrying a cap, debonair "Prince Mike" walked from the Ellis Island Administration Building, headed for Manhattan surrounded by a host of news-hunting Press men. That evening he was photographed in his New York apartment, celebrating his freedom after "payment of a 2,500-dollar bond pending appeal from a deportation order *and a contract for a vaudeville appearance.*"

He topped the bill with Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy and Will Mahoney; and his gigantic likeness looked out on the Manhattan theatre-goers from the display boards outside R.K.O.'s Palace Theatre. It was an imposing piece of artistry, in his Russian Cossack uniform he made box-office news . . . but then those handsome features suddenly disappeared from the theatre-front. Obviously, there was a reason. But nobody seemed over-anxious to mention it. . . .

In 1935 "Prince Mike" was charged in New York with "participating in a plot to frame Mrs. Wilma Gould in an apartment raid so that her husband, Edward Gould, wealthy manufacturer, could obtain evidence by which to divorce her." A sum of five hundred thousand dollars was talked about . . . and then Time marched on. In the early part of February, a couple of years or so ago, he was arrested on a charge of drunken driving; this was an occasion for an enterprising New York newspaper to run his picture: "'Prince Mike Romanoff,'" went the caption, "now a Hollywood screen writer, is shown as he was given a light by Policeman P. M. Atkins after being taken to jail. His claims of relationship to the Russian Czar's family have brought him into contact with American Immigration laws."

On February 16, 1948, a really charming photograph was taken at Palm Beach, Florida: "Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Mr. Vanderbilt of New York, and Mike Romanoff of Hollywood, at the wedding reception for Winthrop Rockefeller and his bride, the former Mrs. Barbara Sears." Less than six months later the "Prince" himself played no small part at another fashionable wedding when he married "The former Gloria Lister, his twenty-two-year-old ex-secretary, after an elopement from Las Vegas, Nevada." And current Press notices described him on this occasion as "Hollywood's best-known restaurateur."

So there it is. For a time, perhaps a long time, folk are willing to believe almost anything they are told. When a man is introduced to them they just *do not* demand his birth certificate. And this fact . . . this taking of people at their face value . . . has been used with really astonishing ease by the long procession of successful hoaxers. It seems inevitable.

It's only natural . . .

. . . that such good companions are always ready for a walk or a game whenever there's a chance. Happily occupied in the fresh air with a dog to join in the fun, children are seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put them out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system, restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains extracts of senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

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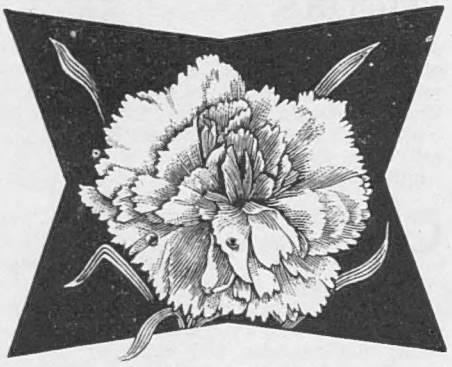

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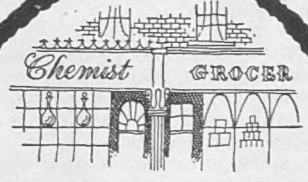

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The Spanish Scene (*Continued from page* 11)

Asturias, back to school; none know why. Then Don Juan began an active campaign, meeting in great secrecy in Tangier some of his Spanish supporters from Spain, including, so it is said, some others who had hitherto supported Franco.

Don Juan was in a relatively strong position; his brother-in-law, the Comte de Paris, Pretender to the throne of France, supports him, and the Comte runs a sort of syndicate of Pretenders, all of whom reside in Portugal. There is the Comte's other brother-in-law, the Portuguese Pretender, and there is ex-King Umberto of Italy, as well as ex-King Carol of Rumania. Then came a blow; another Spanish Pretender appeared.

The original Pretender was Alphonso's eldest son who was killed in a motoring accident. This left the way open for Don Jaime who was deaf and dumb, so he stepped down for Don Juan. Then came the thunderclap from Paris.

Don Jaime is married to a German girl, a former singer. She claims to have cured her husband of his afflictions and, truth to tell, although her closest friends could not and would not affirm there has been a 100 per cent cure, most undoubtedly the unfortunate Prince is very much better. So now he wants to be King.

This Man Who Would Be King has somewhat unfortunately been made the centre of a swirl of publicity in Paris, where he was living with his wife. The lady called a Press conference (which Don Jaime did not attend) and had with her an American gentleman who some reporters present mistook for a publicity agent. The lady, with great *éclat*, announced that in order not to be a hindrance to her husband in his attempt to gain the throne of his father, she was going to divorce him.

Then she proceeded to serialize her life story in Sunday newspapers in various countries.

So there you are: Don Juan v. Don Jaime; brother against brother; which will gain the throne of Spain?

I am not putting my money on either brother. I observe the Spanish Scene and report it, but while watching it I recall the proverb about the cracked pitcher going oftenest to the well. Maybe that proverb applies to Caudillo Francisco Franco. His end has so often been predicted.

But then, of course, it does happen sometimes that at long last the cracked pitcher gets broken.

(*Copyright by "Britannia and Eve" and Harry J. Greenwall.*)

END

Forest Famine (*Continued from page* 31)

Councils ask parish councils if they wish to recommend the preservation of particular trees in the neighbourhood, the reply is often: "No, but there are plenty of trees here we should like to fell." (I quote from the report of a parish council meeting in one of the loveliest parts of Sussex.)

The situation concerning our State forests is less alarming. The Forestry Commission plan to plant 100,000 acres a year for the next ten years This figure will rise to 150,000 acres in each of the ten years after 1960. It is hoped that our State forests will eventually extend over 5,000,000 acres. Though much of this will be quick-growing softwoods—for more than ninety per cent of the demand is for coniferous timber—it just is not true that the Forestry Commission are failing to plant our native hardwoods.

Nor are the pines, spruce and firs usually grown on land that should be producing oaks and beeches. Splendid pines may be raised on land that will grow only oak of poor quality.

Unfortunately, there are few quick returns in forest-farming. Even the quick-growing ash must stand for forty to sixty years before it produces good timber for tennis racquets. The Forestry Commission have done much work in recent years to fight the growing scarcity of timber. Not for many, many years can we hope to see the full results of their labours.

Meantime, the willow herb and bracken advances across land that once produced fine trees. The rabbits multiply where seedlings ought to be. In every village fine old trees that have delighted generations of country folk are falling to please the whim of the get-rich-quick merchant. "I'm going to fell those trees," says a neighbour, pointing to a group of handsome pines and oaks. "What about replanting the land?" I ask. He looks surprised at the question. "I'm not interested in planting trees," he murmurs. "But I shall certainly fell all those trees. It's quite a profitable thing to do just now."

I walk away beneath these lovely trees and ask myself a question. "Will men never learn?" But the only reply that falls upon my ears is the mournful sighing of the pines.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 32)

"The Great Philosophers: The Western World" (Skeffington, 15s.) may do a like service to countless others, for it is an attractive survey from Socrates to Bergson and later moderns. Anyone who feels he should know more of them and their systems of thought will find here a popular, well-written exposition.

WHEN Phoebe D. Payne was a child, watching her grannie's funeral procession moving off, she flung up the window and called out: "You silly people. Where are you going? Grannie is here with *me*!" Death had no meaning for her because the radiant old lady was by her side, explaining that she had left a tired, old physical body, but now felt strong and well and could do many things she had hoped to do for years. Phoebe retained this psychic gift through her life, and now joins her husband, Dr. Laurence J. Bendit, in an analytical study of ghosts, guides, mediums, séances, healing, superstitions and other psychic problems—**"This World and That"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.)—which is argued more reasonably than most.

HOUSES large and small, from site-choosing to garden layout, are graphed out in careful detail in **"Planning Your Home for To-Morrow"** (Faber, 18s.) by Morrison Hendry, who draws on his Building Research Station experience to ensure that we make an expert job of it.

WHENEVER I discuss novels of the solid family sort with friends, Taylor Caldwell invariably comes in for a tribute. They find her so satisfying. **"Let Love Come Last"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is the story of a father who dotes too much on children who selfishly exploit his love and gets loyalty only from his wife and adopted son. "You despised him because he loved you at the expense of his whole life," she tells them in the end. "A man who loves his children as he loved you should be prepared for betrayal and cruelty and grief and contempt. But you have lost more than he has." A study of U.S. family relationships, but of universal appeal.

CRICHTON PORTEOUS knows his Derbyshire farming folk so intimately at first-hand that **"Changing Valley"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) may be called a Hardyesque study of the impact of modernity on a rural community, the change wrought on traditional customs and character by the coming of the railway, motor car, 1914 war, and—to quote one strangely named phenomenon—Mr. Lion Putuonit, inspector of the Selgoodstuff Stores! Readers who like authentic country novels can saturate themselves in five hundred packed pages of this one.

TIBET is the setting of **"High Valley"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) by Charmian Clift and George Johnston, who knows personally the country of lamas in mulberry-hued robes that they so vividly depict. The love of Salom, a Chinese youth, for Veshti, the headman's daughter, is the central theme of a story of priestly intrigue with death in a raging blizzard for climax.

WHATEVER the truth of the Lady Godiva legend, one agrees that it must have been nice for the horse. Lewis Sowder in **"Lady of Coventry"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.) assumes that her husband, the Earl, ordered the ride not merely as the price of freeing the people of heavy taxes but as expiation and atonement for a more personal matter in which illicit love, a half-witch and a too-human monk played a part. History with a new fiction slant, cleverly presented.

PHILIP LINDSAY as historical novelist needs no introduction. One expects drama, movement, colourful background, a new angle on an old theme—and gets them in abundance in his tragedy of Jane Grey: **"There is No Escape"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).

SOME people — usually the most law-abiding—are demons for murder stories. **"The Complete Murder Sampler"** (MacDonald, 10s. 6d.) edited by James Nelson, contains fifteen of the best, from Maugham, Wallace and W. W. Jacobs to G. K. C. and Buchan. Wishing you slick mysteries, chill thrills, and good slaying. . . .

A VIVACIOUS young English bride who marries into an old French family New Orleans way is the heroine of Elizabeth Seifert's **"Pride of the South"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.). In her fight for graceful survival against dyed-in-the-petit-point aristocrats in a strange, somewhat corrupt environment she has even a tougher problem than some G.I. brides. It makes a romantic novel of character.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

NOVELS

"The Locked Gates," by Kathleen Warren (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Simon Hartington's Widow,"** by Hermina Black (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"The Hounds of Tindalos,"** by Frank Belknap Long (Museum Press, 8s. 6d.); **"The Isle of Apes,"** by George Beardmore (Macdonald, 6s.); **"Three Girls Come to Town,"** by Ursula Bloom (Macdonald, 6s.); **"Beneath the Magic,"** by Robert Hichens (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"The Asiatics,"** by Frederick Prokosch (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

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